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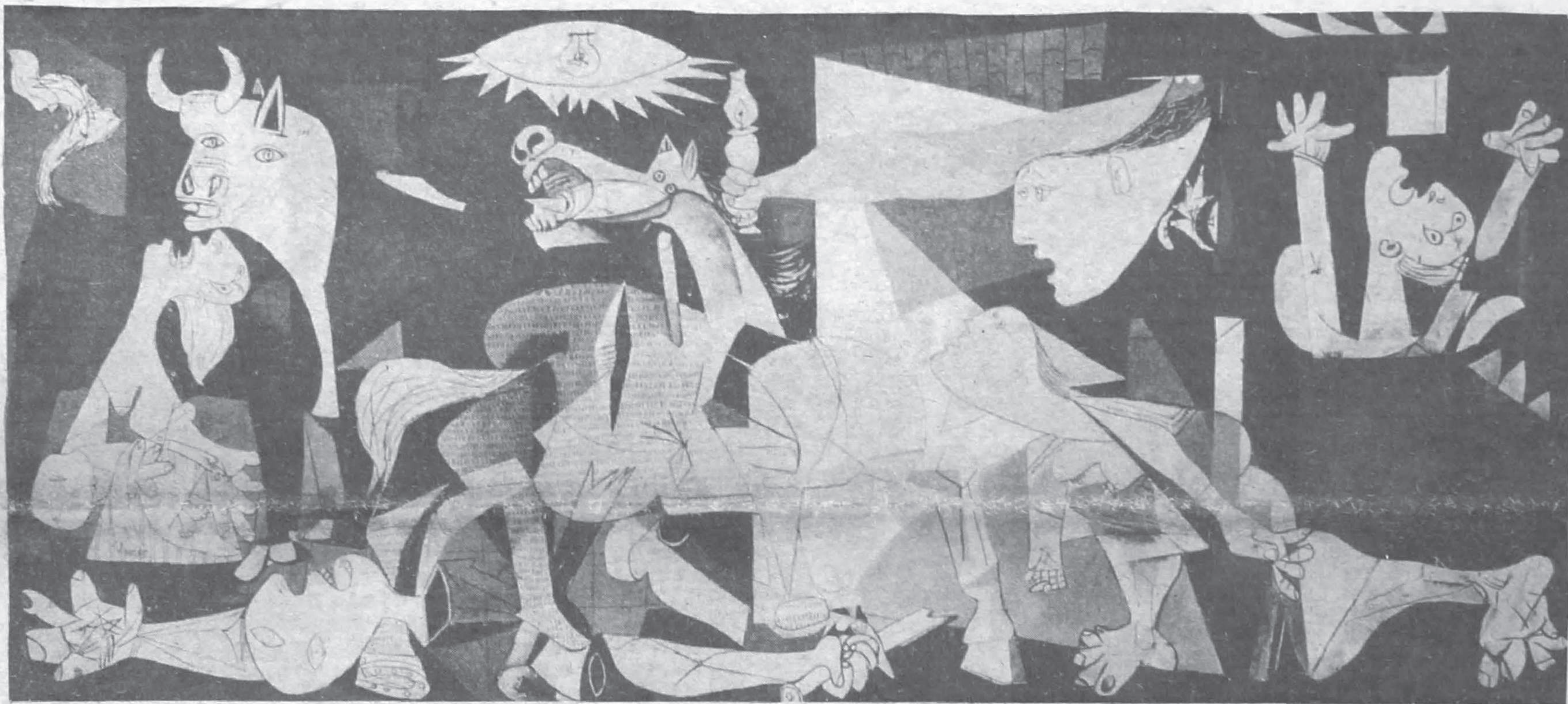
May 22

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ANGRY ARTISTS PRESS PICASSO



Nathan Hare on HOWARD U.

by Nathan Hare

Dr. Hare is a professor of sociology at Howard University, a past president of the Howard chapter of the American Association of University Professors and the author of "The Black Anglo-Saxons."

Black is the thing this year within the Howard studentry, but the faculty in the main keeps coming from a white thing. They don't seem to hear the thunder; and so, the boycott last Wednesday...the fire next time.

They're killing my Howard that way, and, now and again, I come awake at night and wonder at the outcome of this irreconcilable clash between black students bent on freedom and a Black Anglo

Saxon faculty manipulated by a pussyfooting administration prostituting themselves to the white folks and polka dot tax money.

For several years now, I have been subjecting this syndrome to systematic study, undaunted by its amazing and confusing conglomeration of a bliss that's kind of conjugal and a dastardly deceit, a perplexing potpourri of fractionalized pain and syncopated ecstasy.

I have watched the new breed black student emerge, bit by bit each year, beneath the smothering wing of an oppressive and reactionary faculty.

Then, this year there was the homecoming queen Robin Gregory, distinguished for her "natural" in the midst of Howard's celebration of our centennial progress. And there were the mass rallies against the eviction of two of our black sisters because they went out one night and exercised the right to come home again to their dormitory cribs.

Meanwhile, the administration had announced a plan to make Howard sixty per cent white in enrollment (experts calculate that it is already 128.2 per cent white in its orientation). "Standards" were raised while the Army lowered its standards to pick up the slack. Speech courses

were incorporated to make Howard students exchange their sensuous, melodious voices for the high-pitched snarl and twang of the white race.

Christmas came and one such student, in this case a male, went home to Mississippi. There one day he went with some boyhood buddies to a store where he used to say: "Gimme some of them feet." But now he was a Howard student. With an almost effeminate air, he was so refined, he said: "P-lease, may ay-ee have some of those fibula-tibias, p-lease?" His friends fell back in horror for fear he had now turned "funny" on them.

Back at Howard, student resistance to the 60-40 plan began to mount. They had caught something of the failure of white liberal assimilationism. To them the "mainstream" waters were so troubled that Negroes might drown out there. They and their forefathers, they knew, had been in the "melting pot" for four hundred years--or so Brother Malcolm had told them--and hadn't melted yet. Thus, they came to see through what the older generation of black bourgeoisie were putting down. They rejected the heinous partnership

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Guernica Removal Sought

The New York Angry Artists Against the War in Vietnam are petitioning Pablo Picasso to remove his famed painting "Guernica" from the New York Museum of Modern Art.

The Artists wish to confront the U. S. Administration and the country at large with the hypocrisy of the painting, which depicts the deliberate bombing of civilians during the Spanish Civil War, being on display in a country presently committing similar atrocities in Vietnam.

"Guernica," painted in 1937 depicts the bombing of the Basque city Guernica by the Germans during the Spanish Civil War, and graphically conveys the agony and fury of many dehumanized by war and Fascism. It is considered by many to be the finest work of the world's greatest living artist.

The Angry Artists have circulated the petition for the past few months among artists and at openings in New York. They presently have an emissary in France to present the petition to Picasso. His answer is expected shortly.

The removal of the painting, seen by the group as a political act, and not aimed at the museum,

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Hare (left) and Muhammad Ali By Tom Myles

The Washington Post

Sports

IN THIS
CORNER:
Shirley Povich

This Morning

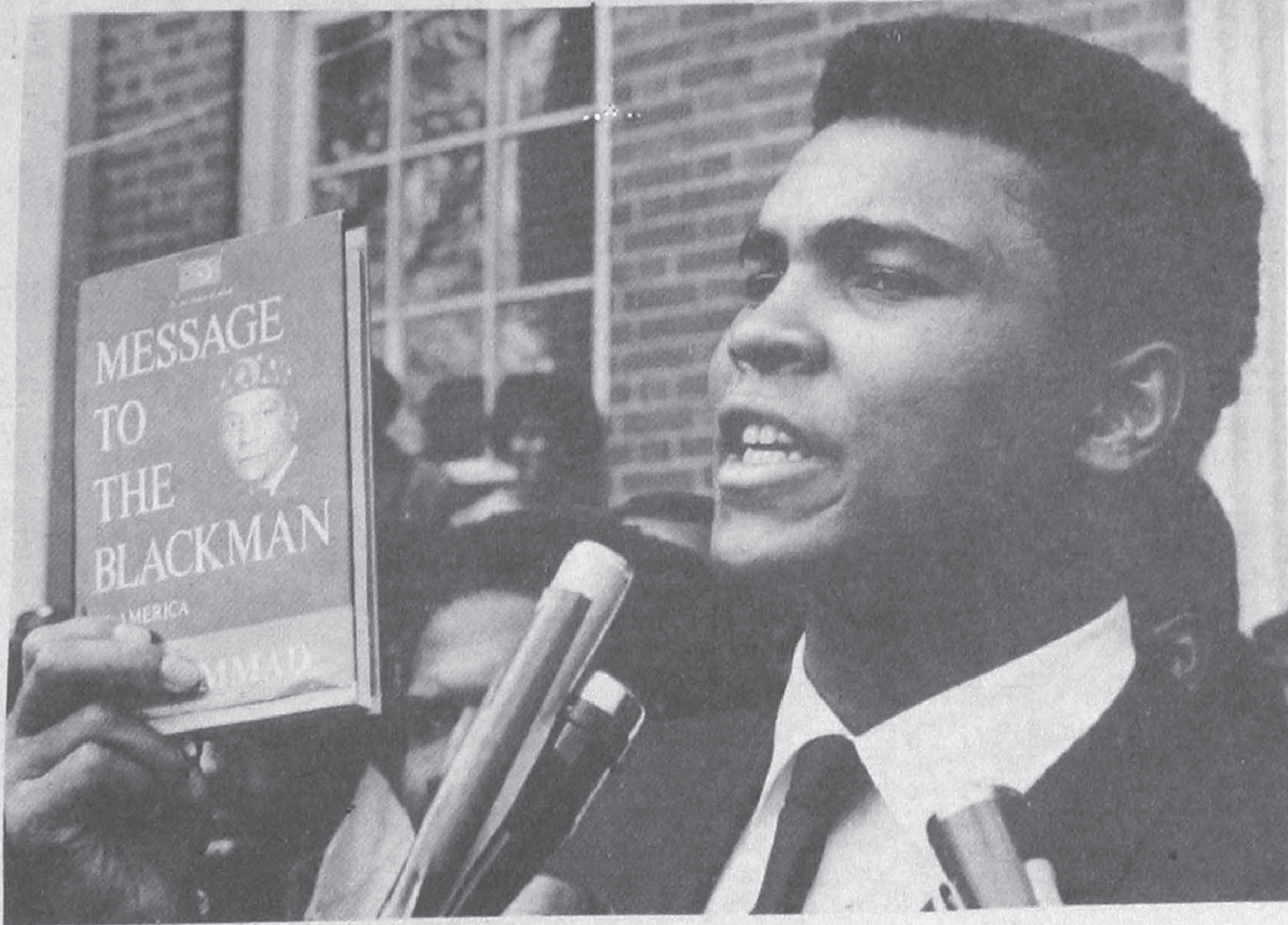
by Bill Blum

American sports heroes have traditionally been non-people. They are their achievements on the playing field, in the ring, on the court; their achievements are them. They are "inspirations to the youth of America;" they are clean-cut and wholesome; they are very patriotic; they are pleasant diversions from the serious and seedier sides of life. Political opinions? Religious beliefs? Stands on civil rights? Nonsense! Those are for real people.

In the eyes of Shirley Povich, sports editor of the Washington Post, heavyweight champion of the world, Muhammad Ali has apparently committed the unpardonable sin - he has behaved like a real person. In the past few months, Povich has undertaken a one-man campaign to ridicule Muhammad Ali, permitting little of Ali's life or personality to be above public scrutiny and mocking. And he has performed this public service with a liberal dosage of distortion.

Povich calls Muhammad Ali a draft dodger when he knows, or should know, that this highly emotional term is commonly reserved for those who either hide out from or who attempt to flagrantly deceive their draft boards - hardly a fitting or fair description of someone who is requesting exemption as a conscientious objector and also on the basis of being a minister.

In only his most recent column on the heavyweight champion has Povich come around to referring to him as Muhammad Ali and not Cassius Clay, a name Ali has repeatedly made clear is his slave name. In addition, Povich most often uses the term Black Muslims when no such group exists. The correct name is simply Muslims, the Black being a press additive. Perhaps the most flagrant distortion of fact by Povich occurred when he wrote: "There always seems to have been some confusion about the mutual affection between Clay and the Moslem countries. It is speculated that Clay



Elijah Muhammad and Muhammad Ali at Howard

By Tom Myles

thinks the Moslems are Muslims and that the Moslems are not aware the Muslims are not Moslems but there are differences. Clay's immediate leader is Elijah Muhammad at a Chicago address, not Allah, and his Mecca is Chicago, which does not nestle among the minarets of the Middle East." The fact of the matter is that the words Muslim and Moslem each refer to the identical person--a follower of Muhammad and the religion of Islam. The Webster definition of "Moslem," in its entirety, is "variant of Muslim." And does Povich actually mean to suggest that Muhammad Ali prays to Elijah Muhammad and not Allah or that he is unaware that Mecca is in the Middle East?

In one of his earlier columns on Muhammad Ali, Povich wrote "there is little doubt of the genuineness of Clay's Black Muslim beliefs." And yet, since then, Povich has continuously scoffed at the sincerity of Muhammad Ali's religious beliefs and indeed at Muslimism itself. For example, he writes that "the Black Muslims did the complete brainwash job on Cassius Clay;" he continuously pushes the point that Muhammad Ali will go to jail rather than serve in the army simply because he wants martyrdom, not because his Muslim beliefs forbid him to fight in Vietnam, as they do; and he writes that "his martyrdom will help the Muslims intensify their recruitment drive."

Povich constantly implies something sinister or devious in the relationship between Muhammad Ali and the Muslims by writing things like "As in all the decisions of Clay, his Black Muslim brethren will be calling the shots, and if they opt for a jail-type martyrdom for Clay, well he has always been obedient." One wonders what Povich thinks about the relationship between devout Catholics and their Church or the Pope. He dwells repeatedly on how much money Muhammad Ali provides the Muslims and sees in this only exploitation, not contributions made by an individual to his religious faith. It apparently hasn't occurred to Po-

vich that if the Muslim interest in Muhammad Ali is primarily money, and if they can "call the shots" they wouldn't be allowing him to ruin his money-making potential by taking the step he is taking.

Povich attempts to paint a picture of Muhammad Ali as someone who lives only for the spotlight, for the adulation of the crowds; as a pathetic performing seal who lives on the fishes thrown to him by the public. Typical of these sentiments are lines like, crowds "provide the cocaine that feeds the narcissism of this benighted fellow who mistakes crowds and headlines as approval of himself" or "The Muslims first enlisted Clay by fawning on him, then gave him something he liked, all those platforms in all those mosques."

Most likely, Povich would respect Muhammad Ali more if he were more like Joe Louis who made little if any use of his considerable prestige to attempt to advance the civil rights of the Negroes, and at a time when the Negroes were still

only one level above slavery. But of course, Louis was the proverbial "credit to his race." That is to say, he kept his mouth shut.

Povich describes the Muhammad Ali story as "another stark American Tragedy." One might take exception to this choice of words were it not for something else Povich wrote: "Clay's Muslim associations have already cost him millions of dollars in movie roles, advertising, endorsements, and television-radio fees. He surfaced on the national scene at a time when it has become both fashionable and practical for advertisers to write Negroes into almost every scene, and Clay had going for him not only his unbeaten record and his world heavyweight title, but a rare handsome face and figure that was immensely exploitable. His Black Muslimism snuffed out all these revenues." Given the values of this society, this indeed is an American tragedy. Fortunately, for Muhammad Ali and others of his courage, it is not a human tragedy.

Free
University
HOLDS
Learn-In

By Chris Webber

The Free University of George Washington University, because of the great interest shown in its first "learn-in" held on May 3rd, is presently developing plans for summer classes. In addition to the classes initiated at the first learn-in, others are being considered which include Indian Philosophy, Buddhism, Contemporary Social Problems and the Future of the New Generation. The classes will continue to meet in GW facilities a few evenings each week if the University administration continues to cooperate as it has done so far. If not, apartments, coffee houses or the Circle may be utilized as substitutes.

The first session of the Free University had been opened by Dr. Elliot, President of GWU. In his talk before the 300 participants, Dr. Elliot asked the students to continue to work within the existing institutions even though he admitted that the established structure was so hung up in itself that it no longer functioned properly in helping young people relate to a vast body of knowledge.

During the question and answer period that followed, students and faculty questioned the present system of priorities of the University, the relationship of the University and the Selective Service System and the cause of the present crisis in the University system. After giving what the audience evidently considered evasive answers, Dr. Elliot made his exit, explaining that he had gone far beyond his allotted time.

Other discussions followed, concerning university reform and radical theories of education, before the participants broke up into smaller classes. Of the four classes offered by the Free University the one on Psychedelics proved to be the most popular. The other classes dealt with the Contemporary Novel, Contemporary China and the American Capitalistic System. Each was very well received.

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GUERNICA CONT.
FROM Pg. 1.

will nonetheless be a blow to the Museum of Modern Art. The acquisition of the prestigious painting provided the impetus for the opening of the museum. The painting occupies an entire room in the museum and is probably its most important work. The painting is on permanent loan to the Museum, but is still owned by Picasso.

The Angry Artists feel, that while the Museum must unfortunately suffer from the removal of the painting, the suffering presently being inflicted on the Vietnamese people sets a priority for action.

The group feels that there is hypocrisy within the Museum as well; they believe, for instance, that museum lecturers seem to have lost the significance of the masterpiece and are presenting the meaning of the painting in an emasculated manner to tourists and school children who visit the museum. ***

Guernica is a small town in the Basque province of Spain with a population in 1937 of some 7,000. Since before the middle ages it has been celebrated as the home of Basque liberties and autonomy. In April of 1937 it lay 30 miles behind the front lines where the Republicans were trying desperately to halt the advance of Franco's troops. The town itself was unfortified and its only military importance was as a center of communications (several key roads intersected there).

On Monday, April 26, 1937 (a market day, with the town filled with farmers from the surrounding countryside) the Condor Legion, one of Hitler's contributions to Franco's "War Against Communism", appeared in the skies overhead. Shortly before five they began to bomb the city, first with high explosives and fragment bombs, followed

with incendiaries and machine-gunning. After three hours of bombing the village lay in ruins with 1,654 people dead and 889 wounded.

Franco was bombarded immediately with protests as news of the atrocity spread in the world press. The Nationalists tried to deny it by claiming that the Republican Basques had destroyed Guernica themselves. They claimed also that none of their aircraft had left the ground on the day in question. But such evasions were soon shown to be pure fabrication by press observers on the scene. Later a spokesman for Franco's Nationalists stated: "We bombed it, and bombed it, and bueno why not?" (The Spanish Civil War, Hugh Thomas, 1961.)

Picasso, who had been commissioned earlier in the year to paint a mural for the Spanish Government (Republican), immediately began work on what was later considered to be one of his greatest works, depicting the horrors of war as expressed by the destruction of Guernica.

SUMMER IN THE GHETTO

HOT OR COOL?
WILL GHETTO PROBLEMS
BE KNICKED OUT WITH
CRACKED SKULLS?

OR ANSWERED WITH AN
EMERGENT
GHETTO POWER?

in it's issue of May 27

THE INDEPENDENT

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WFP SPECULATORIAL

HIMMLER (or is it <HÉ) IS ALIVE IN HUAC

In the quote of the week, Rep. Joe Pool (D.-Tex.), Chairman of the House Un-American Activities Committee, said he would be ready to "vote a declaration of war in Vietnam, which he said would put 'peaceniks' under the antisedition laws and allow the Justice Department to 'put them all in concentration camps and leave them there through the duration of the war.'" (Post, May 13, 1967.)

Contrary to anticipated reaction within the left, many peaceniks cheered Representative Pool's suggestion, and viewed the plan as a swift five-year--or-so plan to radicalize America far before the time deemed realistic under previous estimates.

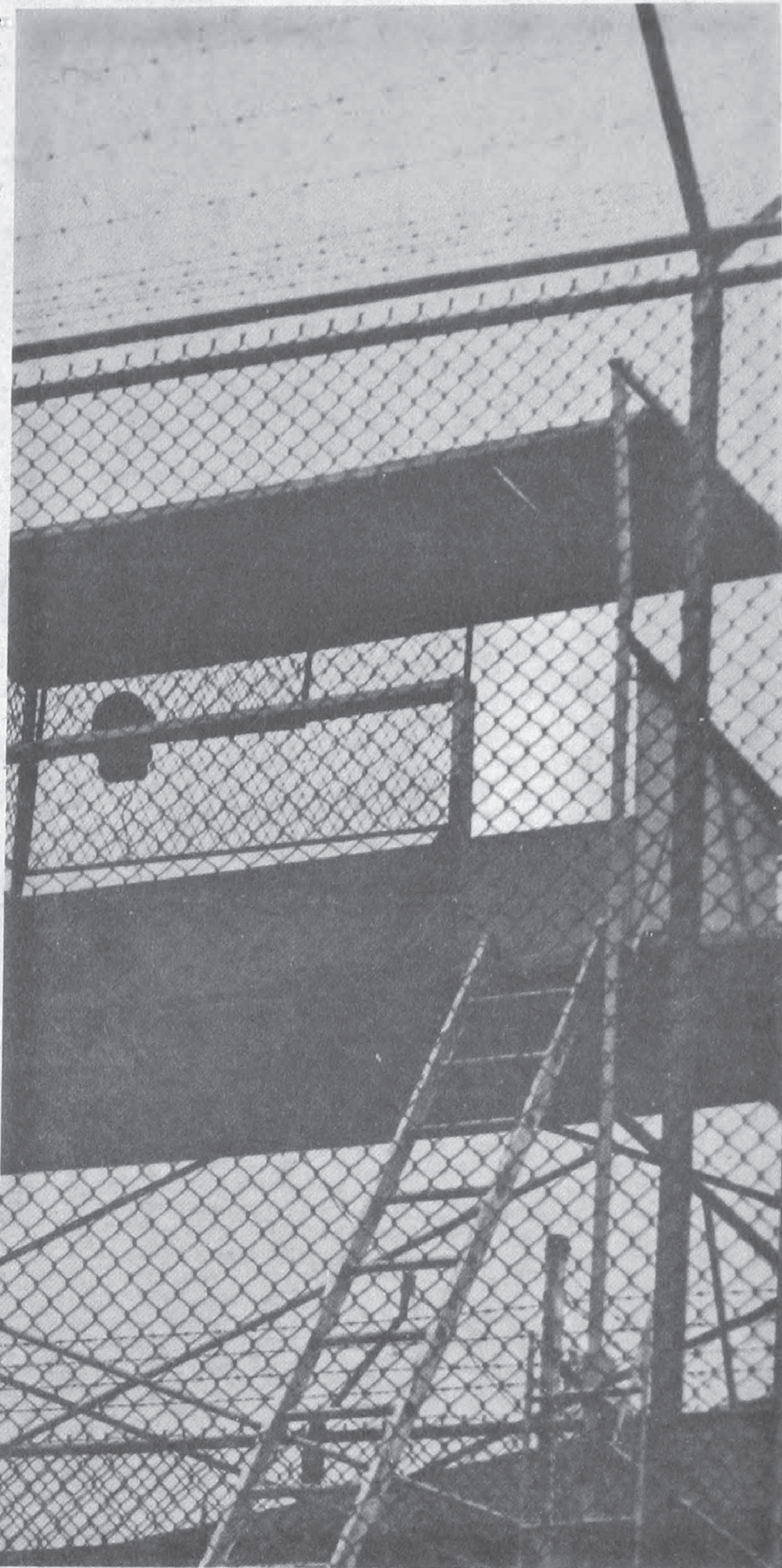
The figuring runs this way: If one multiplies the 500,000 or so present at last month's anti-war demonstrations by 10 for each that would have liked to march, but couldn't make it--then one comes up with approximately five million people being placed in concentration camps for the duration of the war. When these 5 million people--having spent the next year, (using the Administration's figures for the end of the war) in constant workshop, study, and rally--come out, it will probably take only a day or so to make a revolution (particularly if they are released in the hot summer).

The movement also saw it as a sure way to end its most serious hang-up: political infighting within the ranks. After the duration of years spent debating party-line, either the ultra-left will be completely defeated, or will have the rest of the movement behind them with all of the romance and energy of 1917. Along these lines, other peaceniks, more Maoistly inclined, saw the guerilla concentration as a neo-Oriente Province--some have already petitioned the self-exiled "Che" Guevara to join them in the camps. There has already, since May 13th, been noticed a marked increase in sales of "For Whom the Bell Tolls."

On the other hand, some local Vietnaks viewed the proposed plan with apprehension--sensing a subtle super-plot which could destroy American radical politics forever. They fear that Pool plans to imprison only the marginal peaceniks (a few big mouth corporate-liberal radicals, some of Johnson's more embarrassing political openents like RFK, etc.). This perhaps would not be so disastrous on the surface--but taking into consideration the humiliation of those not invited to the camps--no good revolutionary worth his NLF flag could show his face in a demonstration again, and would be forced to flee to Canada. This split in the ranks of American Radicals (while most beneficial to speeding up the Revolution in Canada) would be a catastrophe.

Taking this point into consideration, however, most radicals felt that this plan would consolidate the movement, and one could finally tell which side people were on; as of 1967 all those who had not done enough to merit imprisonment could safely be labeled revisionist. Those not willing to face this shame would be forced to go out and do something subversive fast--talk has already been overheard of burning down Selective Service Headquarters and spraying the White House with black spray paint--by those fearful that the next planned demonstration may come too late for them to prove their commitment.

Therefore, we of the WASHINGTON FREE PRESS wholeheartedly endorse the Pool proposal as one of the most constructive steps thus far suggested for radicalizing America.



Statesman of the Week

Senator Robert Kennedy, in a meeting May 5 with students at Columbia University, was asked whether he could find it in his conscience to pilot a plane that was bombing North Vietnam. "I'd be willing to fight in the South," Kennedy replied, "but I wouldn't be a pilot."

Later the same day, in an interview, the N. Y. Senator stated: "If I were drafted and if were told I would have to be a pilot over North Vietnam, I'd do anything our country asked me to do." (Wash. Post, May 6)



Auschwitz-on-the-Potomac

Marc Steiner

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SE NON-ROAD FIGHTS



Photos by Leon Jester

By Jerry Wilson

The vicious cycle of poverty-hopelessness-more poverty has been entangling the people of Morris Road for a long time, as it has in much of Southeast Washington. Now an attempt is being made by residents of the 13-hundred block of Morris Road to intercept that cycle.

As poverty workers, business men and the people in the "poor" neighborhoods all readily agree, one of the chief problems is the lack of recreational facilities.

But the present recreation problem is an ironic one. The Morris Road Tenants Council has been offered 10,000 square feet of land behind the apartment buildings in the 13-hundred block, free of charge, but it has no one who will take the land.

Arthur E. Morrisette, head of Ace Van Delivery Co., is the owner of the land behind the apartments. A few weeks ago he offered to donate the land to the tenants for recreational facilities.

The tenants then went to the D. C. Recreation Dept. to see if the city could take ownership of the land and help build a playground for the children.

Joseph Cole of D. C. Recreation assured them it would take ownership of the land and provide playground equipment. It was left up to the Tenants Council to get the land ready for use and to keep up the facilities, once they were provided.

All seemed to be going well until the Recreation Dept.

came out to examine the property. Upon looking over the area, Cole told the tenants that the land was not large enough for the Department to take.

Although Cole still promised to provide the playground equipment, he was leaving it up to the Tenants Council to find an organization or person to own the land itself. He suggested finding a church that would serve as owner.

With warm weather here and the need for recreational facilities intensified, the search for an owner is being made. So far the Tenants Council has had little luck.

Pressure on the Recreation Dept. is also being continued. Leroy Sams, vice president of the Tenants Council, claims the Department's action was a "run-around thing." He and the Tenants Council are drafting a letter to Sen. Robert Kennedy, hoping to have more pressure put on the city to take the land.

While they are waiting, the tenants are working every weekend to put the land in shape. They have drawn up plans for the facilities, hoping these plans will not be wasted.

They are also working together to make the apartment buildings and yards look better.

Morris Road is a street which runs up and down hills, with the apartment buildings sitting on top of tall, steep embankments that shoulder the street.

The tenants are planting ivy on these banks, hoping to keep

the rain from washing the dirt into the street.

The buildings themselves are, according to the tenants, inadequately kept up and in extreme need of repair. Working with the United Planning Organization, they have gotten together with a housing inspector from the Department of Licenses and Inspection and made up complaint forms which are to be filled out and action taken on them by the Department.

But one of the main problems stems from the fact that, of the 15 apartment buildings located in the immediate area, 13 landlords are involved, making it difficult to get consistent results.

George Smith, of John D. Neumann Properties Inc., is one of the landlords. Of the 15 buildings, persons with Neumann Properties own four. Smith claims that Neumann Properties has made an honest effort to improve the buildings, while other owners have not.

The tenants agree. They listed Neumann Properties people as the most cooperative.

Other problems for the residents of the Morris Road apartments lie in the condition of the street itself. Morris Road is extremely narrow and there is a sidewalk on just one side of the street.

The Rebels with a Cause, a youth organization in Anacostia, made a traffic count one day last November. In an eight-hour time period there were 720 cars, 30 D. C. Transit buses, and two school buses traveling on Morris Road.

This would not be unusually high for a street, except that there is just the one sidewalk along the street, the street is barely wide enough for two cars to pass, and no stoplights can be found anywhere on Morris Road.

Smith told the Free Press that he personally spent three weeks last year in fixing up and painting the four buildings his company manages. He said the tenants promised to cooperate and did for a short time. But he added that the cooperation ended quickly with all but a handful of tenants.

He admitted that the "tenants need the help," but that he is not going to do anything except satisfy the building codes, unless the tenants prove to him that it will be worthwhile. He added that the other owners were doing far less than him.

One other owner, Alfred Dudley, told the Free Press he would "do anything to help out." He said he was proud of the way

the tenants were cleaning up the trash and named one of the problems as the lack of a good place for the children to play. He said he planted grass and shrubbery last year, but it was pulled up.

The Rebels and the Tenants Council are working to persuade the highway department that traffic lights, good sidewalks and a wider street are needed to make the area safe for children and adults to use.

In short, the residents of the Morris Road area are trying to prove that they will work for better conditions and are hoping that this will persuade others to back them and keep the ball rolling. They say they will not give up easily but cannot do it alone.

D.C. 5 Hits Back

By Don Slaughter

Growing anger about police brutality was expressed on Monday the 15th when 35 young Negroes from Washington demonstrated in front of the Police Wives Association of the District of Columbia (which meets in College Park Md.) The issue which brought them there was the opposition of the Police Wives to a Citizens Commission of inquiry into the Brooker incident.

Brooker, a 19-year-old Washington youth, was shot last week by Private William L. Rull of the Metropolitan police in an incident growing out of a thrown

box of cookies. When the case was officially classified as justifiable homicide, indignation and anger immediately spread in the Ghetto. In response to this, Commissioner Tobriner reluctantly agreed to set up a Citizens Commission to investigate the shooting. Later their findings would be submitted to a grand jury to see if there is sufficient grounds to undertake criminal prosecution.

The demonstration protesting the action of the Police Wives Association was primarily organized by a group called the "D.C. 5"

While "D.C. 5" was an outgrowth of the furor surrounding the Brooker shooting, it considers itself to be the beginning of a permanent group dedicated to fighting for justice and equality. Its present chairman is Leroy Jones. According to one spokesman for the group, "D.C. 5" is fighting for Right. We are not struggling for Stokely Carmichael, Malcolm X or any other organization but only for Right as we see it."

D.C. 5 was joined in the demonstration by people from the Washington Youth Council.



A Morris Road-side playper

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE

HARE ON Howard U.



Uptight sessions on Black Power...

By Tom Myles

of the white power structure and their Negro lackeys, the Uncle Toms and the Dr. Thomases.

They (black students and progressive faculty members still young at heart) began to recognize the interdependence of their predicament and ultimate fates and that of oppressed persons everywhere. The Faculty Forum was in there fighting, but most of the faculty members went on wincing beneath the Simon Legree blows of little black deans trying to act like white folks before us perplexed colored students and faculty.

I myself had already collided with the gestapo paternalism of some administrators. One day, during a discussion of the urban impact on social norms, I stood bemoaning the long decline of virginity. I told of my own efforts the year before to start an association of virgins at Howard, "but one girl got sick and went home and the other flunked out." The lack of time-clock synchronization at Howard was due, I went on to say, to the fact that every time a virgin passes a clock at Howard the clock stands still.

Within thirty minutes after the class was over, my chairman, Gilbert Franklin Edwards, was excitedly calling me in to say that the Dean's office had called to say that a student had said that I had said that I was the only virgin on Howard's campus (a distinction I wear with great pride even to this day).

It was suggested that my chairman drop in on my classes to check out my classroom decorum. At that point I ordered my superiors to cease and desist, pointing out that no superior of mine could police my classes; that whenever a superior comes in the classroom I go out the door, and, depending on how I feel at the moment, the superior goes out the window (my deans had cut short my professional prizefight avocation under an assumed name back in 1963).

I added that I was going to teach as I see fit, wherever, so long as I breathe; or, inasmuch as I was once the best cotton picker in Creek Creek County, Oklahoma, I would burn my doctorate and go back to picking cotton—with great dignity and my characteristic finesse.

This spirit, which many students shared, had been cemented in my case during a brief stay in the Army where I once watched a company commander order a young and struggling soldier through an excessively punitive set of maneuvers, back and forth. I later was to realize that that young soldier, far from falling down in obedience before the commanding officer, should have walked up to him and knocked him on his wrists. Then he would have been placed in the stockade for a spell, and he would be alive today. Instead he obeyed.

That night when he went out with his company on "night problems," the truck in which he was riding overturned and smashed his helmet. They never could find out what happened to his head. I made up my mind from then on that conformity doesn't necessarily pay.

Many students at Howard were reaching the same conclusion. They could not understand why strong men such as Sonny Liston, Bobo Brazil, Muhammad Ali, Cannonball Adderley and Nathan Hare would bow down to weak men such as LBJ (Lots Big Jive) and those who move in administrative circles.

February. U.S. Representative to the United Nations (our presi-

dent's former boss) came to Howard, and he and President Nabrit patted each other on the neck and spoke of the long contribution which Howard had made and was making toward "extending democracy all around the world."

Five professors in our long black dresses and square caps at that point got up and walked out along with about forty students present. Most were members of the Student Rights Organization. We felt that democracy begins at home and thought it took a lot of gall to send a white fellow to Howard to tell us colored folk about the need for peace and freedom.

Mid March, General Hershey, Selective Service head, came to Cramton Auditorium to rationalize the excessive shipment of black men to kill and die in a foreign land for a freedom we do not have in our own land. To rationalize leaving our women behind when, according to the Monihan Report, they already don't have enough men to go around. This means that black women will either suffer or some black men (or white ones?) will be working overtime. This will further disrupt our family structure; then, the government or Howard will give grants to white missionary-minded social scientists to study the Negro family and bewail the "disorganization" found.

On the night of Hershey's appearance, I walked by members of the Student Rights Organization. They were picketing and passing out protest literature. I stood later behind the stage with some university officials taping Hershey's speech for future analysis. He got out just two words before black pandemonium broke loose. More than forty students stormed the stage to protest a racist draft for a super-racist war. Then one of the Deans of Students refused to permit the program chairman to let Hershey resume his speech.

Just before noon the next day, I stood with two students in front of Cramton Auditorium and read a press release announcing the formation of the Black Power Committee. It called for a complete revamping of the Negro college and the development of a black university where courses relevant to the black community and its struggle would be offered. Swahili, for example, a major African language, would make up one of the selections for the language requirement just as major European languages are compulsory now. Chinese, the language spoken by more individuals in the world than any other would then be

offered.

Contrarily, Howard's administration had proposed a new curriculum focusing on "Western Civilization" and the like. The Dean of Liberal Arts had gone to Rome and mounted slides furnishing conclusive proof that there were colored persons in Ancient Greece and Ancient Rome. Students feared now that they were going to blame us colored for the fall of Rome.

The Black Power Committee also declared its intention to bring black students, black professors and the black community together in a common struggle against its common enemy. We called for the racist U.S. government to bring black troops back home, where they belong, on grounds that America is the black man's true battleground.

Almost at once an avalanche of crocodile tears began to flow like runaway Niagara Falls over the loss of funds white Southern Congressmen threatened. But the new breed black student now realized that we pay tax just like the white folks. We do not pay as much tax because we are not allowed to get much money. But neither do we go to school as much, and not as much money is spent on the schools we attend. Berkeley received \$40 million from the government for research alone while Howard boasts of an anticipated \$40 million for its entire operation. Some of Berkeley's money went no doubt to the study of "the Negro." They—we now realize—have been studying the wrong inan. We want \$40 million to study the white man.

Anyway, Easter recess came, and conservative student leaders went on radio and television condemning the Hershey incident. The Administration placed a moratorium on the auditoriums. Four students were singled out for a hearing, later referred to as a "Kangaroo Court." One defendant, Robin Gregory the Homecoming Queen who had not been present on the Hershey stage, was believed chosen as a cunning but ill-conceived administrative device to get the Black Power Committee by way of the back door.

The first hearing was welcomed by a mass hanging and burning of General Hershey, Dean Snowden and President Nabrit in effigy. On Hershey's body was a sign reading: "A Good Nigger is a Dead Nigger;" on Nabrit's "60 % white, 40 % colored;" on Snowden's "My Son Goes to Harvard," as, it is said, he is often wont to say. Presiding over the hanging was Ronald Ross, co-chairman of Project Awareness, who had earlier invited Hershey

to speak. More than four hundred students stood around cheering while almost two hundred sat-in in the lobby outside the kangaroo or monkey courtroom chanting. Presiding administrators grew frightened and turned the students out. Later another hearing was attempted but was broken up when students stormed the room. Campus guards were brought in swinging their billy clubs. Students took them away, then, in a stroke of Howard kindness, calmly gave them back.

LeRoi Jones, the black poet and playwright, invited to speak by Leonard McCants, the other co-chairman of Project Awareness, was denied use of the auditorium. He read his racy poetry on the steps of the School of Religion, and he was black and beautiful. A few days later, the Black Power Committee announced that Muhammad Ali would speak on the steps of Frederick Douglass Hall. The next day microphones were set up and Muhammad Ali spoke. And he was both beautiful and good.

Administrators panicked and drew up a ten-point "policy statement" signed by 200 "sober, senior members of the faculty and the Board of Trustees." One section declared a ban on all press conferences not cleared through the public relations office and restricted rallies to times and places approved by the administration. The final section promised "firm and swift" punishment of all violators.

Within three hours after the statement was issued, the Black Power Committee called a press conference for a soldier, a member of the Muslim faith, who wished to announce that he would not obey his summons to Vietnam. The sentiment all around was that the policy statement was "ludicrous and hypocritical" and that we would "act as if the statement were never written."

A boycott was scheduled to protest the statement and eight other grievances revolving around opposition to the Hershey hearings, and the lack of academic freedom. The boycott, with some of its leaders being the selfsame students who just two months ago had condemned the Hershey incident, was more than 95 per cent effective in the target Liberal Arts College, as I proved to a Washington Post reporter by taking him on a tour of the virtually empty classroom buildings. Most newsmen took figures from the mouth of Howard's publicity director, Ernest Goodman, ignoring the classroom or, in some cases, took pictures of one or more of the few rooms which did contain a handful of students.

The administrative reaction to student demands, while promising to be good, is not yet finalized as of this writing, but neither have the students abandoned their weaponry. A Black Power Committee conference is to take place this weekend, for example, beginning Friday (Malcolm's birthday) and ending Sunday.

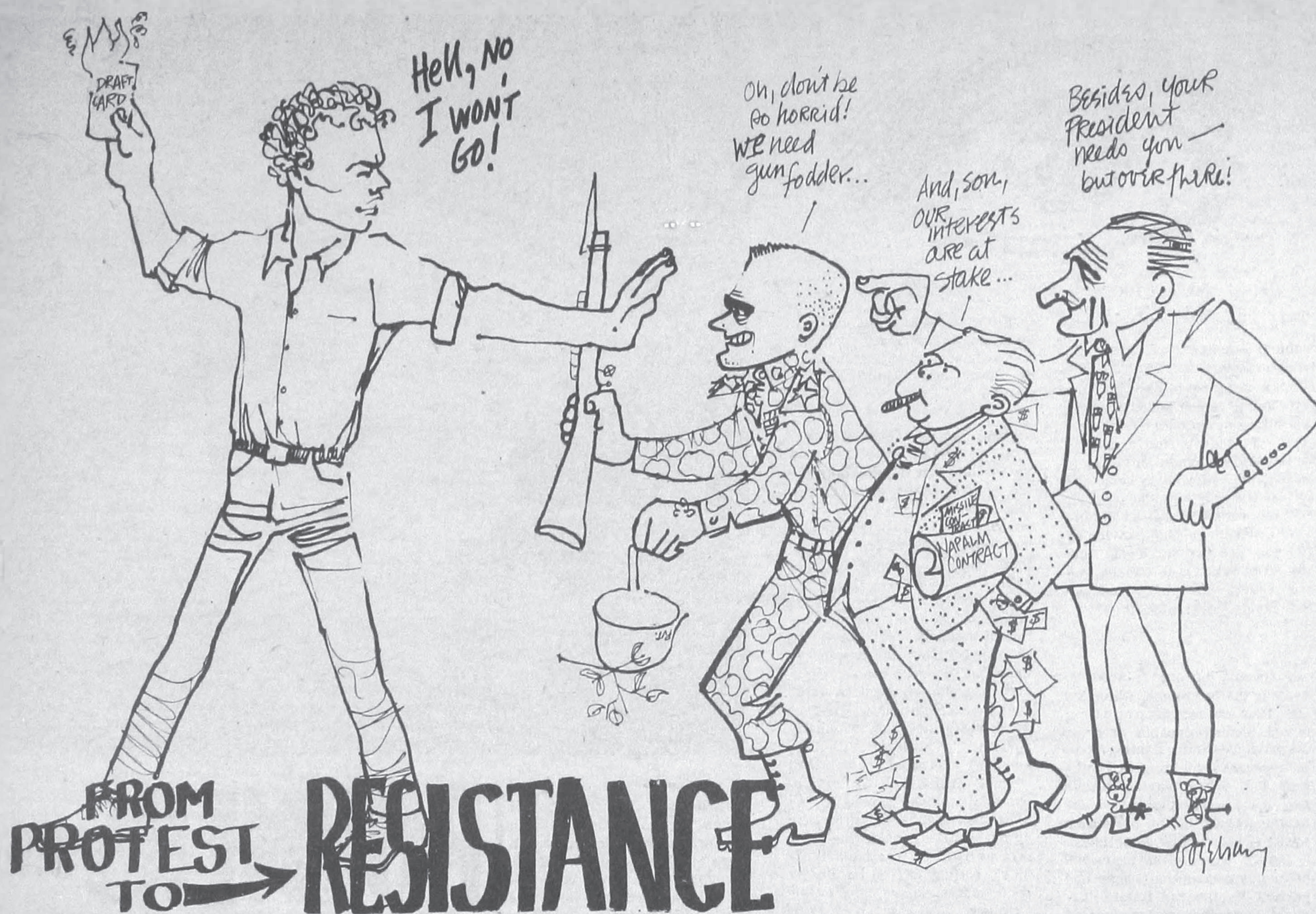
Soon, however, the great togetherness students were building among themselves and liberal faculty members will be temporarily torn apart by the summer separation. But we will carry in our hearts wherever we go the same black spirit and relentless push for freedom at Howard and everywhere, knowing that golf courses and fishing ponds are not designed to bring on drastic metamorphoses in the policies of college deans and white oppressors.

I suppose you could say, if you are a social analyst, that it is going to be a long hot fall.



Meeting of Black Power Sisterhood

By Tom Myles



Joanna Vogelsang

By Don Slaughter

In the Spring of 1965 the Students for a Democratic Society staged the first massive demonstration against the War in Vietnam involving over 20,000 students. Since that time, literally thousands of demonstrations involving millions of people have been conducted in protest to that brutal and exceedingly unpopular war. However, even though opposition is most militant and vocal among the young, there has not been until the last nine months any significant movement directed against the draft.

Since last summer, scores of anti-draft organizations have been born. A variety of organizational forms and methods of operations have been chosen which give witnesses not only to the fact that the anti-draft movement is still in its early stage of development, but also points to the lack of a clear conception of what the goals of draft

resistance are, and how they are to be achieved.

Up until quite recently, the most common approach taken by the youth movement has been the counselling of individuals who oppose fighting in the war on either moral or political grounds. These in reality represented little more than the extension of existing pacifist programs conducted by the American Friends Service Committee and other religious-pacifist groups. Many of these draft information programs did include information on emigration to Canada and have often been operated in conjunction with an aggressive attempt to bar military recruitment on campus.

However, many feel that personal solutions to the draft, while satisfactory for the individual involved, do nothing to effect the operation of conscription organized to wage imperialistic wars as a

whole. Politically, draft information centers have little relevance unless they challenge either the Selective Service System or the power structure which made conscription a necessity. In place of isolated decisions to avoid military service there must be created a movement of well organized resistance aimed at challenging the operation of the system itself.

The advocates of this political approach to resistance however, are still debating the question of how to do it. It is generally agreed that effective draft resistance must go beyond merely circulating "we won't go" petitions. On-going programs should be conducted both to harass the operation of the Selective Service System (by picketing, leafleting, sit-ins, mass filing of CO petitions, etc) and to educate resisters as to the nature of the contemporary American political system, (through power structure research, study of the function and operation of the selective service system, the nature of

American imperialism, etc.) These activities also help to hold the organization together by developing an esprit de corps.

In addition, the organization must be composed of more than just those eligible for the draft. It should include older men, women, the clergy, etc. Such a broadened base reduces vulnerability to retaliation, and prevents

political isolation. If the organization is confined to only those who are directly faced with the possibility of imprisonment, it tends to become isolated and removed from the larger society which it is trying to reach. Furthermore, all those who pledge themselves to aid and assist anyone attempting to evade the draft would themselves be guilty of conspiracy--and so the distinction between men and

cont'd. on page 7

HERE THEY ARE!! BUMPERSTICKERS !!

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Sex Before Finals | 10. Support Mental Health or I'll Kill You |
| 2. Warning, Trespassers Will Be Violated | 11. Frodo Lives |
| 3. Send Joe Pyne to College | 12. Jewish Power |
| 4. Save Water -- Shower With a Friend | 13. I am a Human Being, Do Not Fold, Spindle or Mutilate |
| 5. Impatch Reagan | 14. Nobody for Governor! |
| 6. Kill for Peace | 15. God Is Alive and Well in Mexico City |
| 7. War Is Good Business, Invest Your Son | 16. Where is Lee Harvey Oswald Now That We Really Need Him |
| 8. No Easter This Year, They Found the Body | 17. Con Ed Tried to Gas Us Today |
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de Vincent
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Draft Resistance

CONT'D FROM PAGE SIX

women: 1-A and 2-S; 20 and 40 tends to become academic.

Consensus breaks down on the problem of facing induction. Carl Davidson, national vice-president of Students for a Democratic Society, maintains that any conceivable method to keep men out of the army should be used. "This means both legal and illegal counseling--C.O.; advice on how to get 1-Y's....legal and illegal emigration to Canada, going underground in America--everything." (New Left Notes, March 27, 1967)

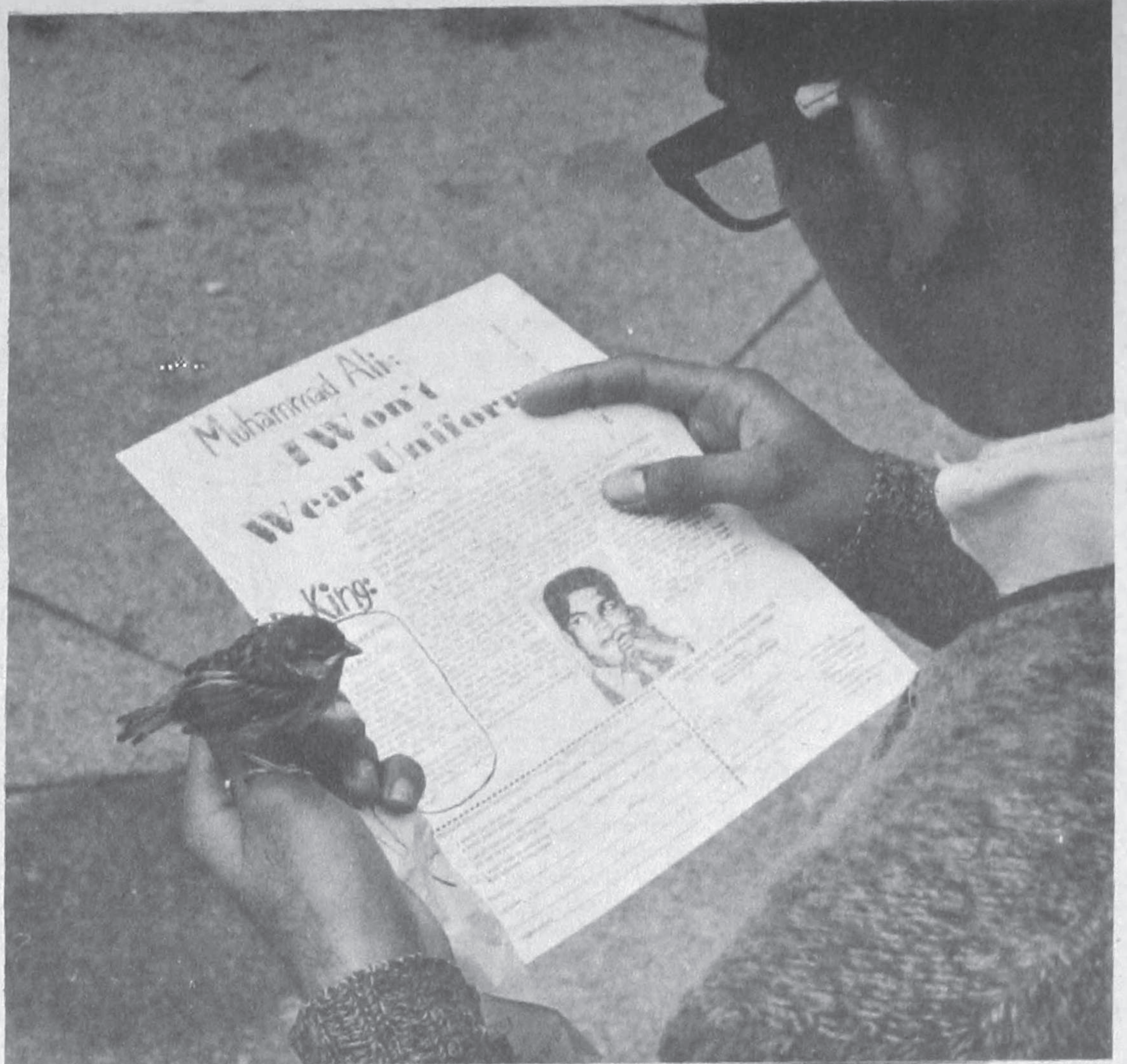
Emphasis here is placed on denying the commodity which the SSS is supposed to produce; human bodies capable of being transformed into fighting machines. By organizing for a common end, even if various means are used, a center of resistance to the values of the prevailing system is visibly established.

Others maintain that the means of avoiding induction are as important as the end itself. Advocates of this policy contend that selective acts of non-cooperation (like failure to register, faking physical disability, etc.) and filing for conscientious objector status are compromising positions that constitute complicity with the system rather than challenging its validity. Effective non-cooperation, they feel, as a form of resistance must involve actions which are not only

public and provocative, but are designed to challenge, confront, and ultimately destroy the base of power upon which the SSS rests.

"Such actions necessarily preclude individual complicity with the state in that their highly visible nature either embarrasses the state or forces it to react punitively. The advocates of hard-core resistance defend their rather extreme demands with the contention that 'bold action builds movement for change by capturing the imagination of the oppressed and creating a sense of power and freedom in those persons who choose to resist.' Some of the acts which qualify as legitimate types of draft resistance are: publically refusing to register with SSS, refusing induction, draft-card burning (individual or mass) publically urging others to resist, draft board burning, blowing up troop trains, destroying military property (particularly B-52's), putting LSD in the Pentagon's water supply, etc." (Dee Jacobsen, NLN, March 27, 1967)

Obviously the success of this approach depends "upon capturing the imagination of the oppressed" and transforming the "sense of power and freedom" of those who have chosen to resist into a full scale assault on the existing social and political structure. If this assault is



Hell No?

Tom Mies

BURNERS unite

Among the consequences of the mass draft card burning in Central Park on April 15 has been the creation of two new organizations which seek to coordinate further draft resistance.

"Draft Denial," with headquarters at 5 Beekman St., New York, is attempting to mobilize draft-age men to undertake further direct action (i.e. draft card burning) to serve as a public witness of refusal to comply with the system of conscription which supports the war. According to a statement issued by "Draft Denial," "We have argued and demonstrated to stop this destruction. We have not succeeded. Powerful resistance is now demanded."

"Draft Denial" urges all who have contemplated the consequences and are prepared to undertake "direct action" to contact them. Coordination of action on a national scale will increase its effectiveness, they feel.

The other organization, "Support in Action" is composed of those who are not eligible for the draft, yet wish to support draft card burning. They have set up what they hope will be a national central channel for communication between those who are resisting the conscription law and those who are determined to support them. "S.I.A." expects that

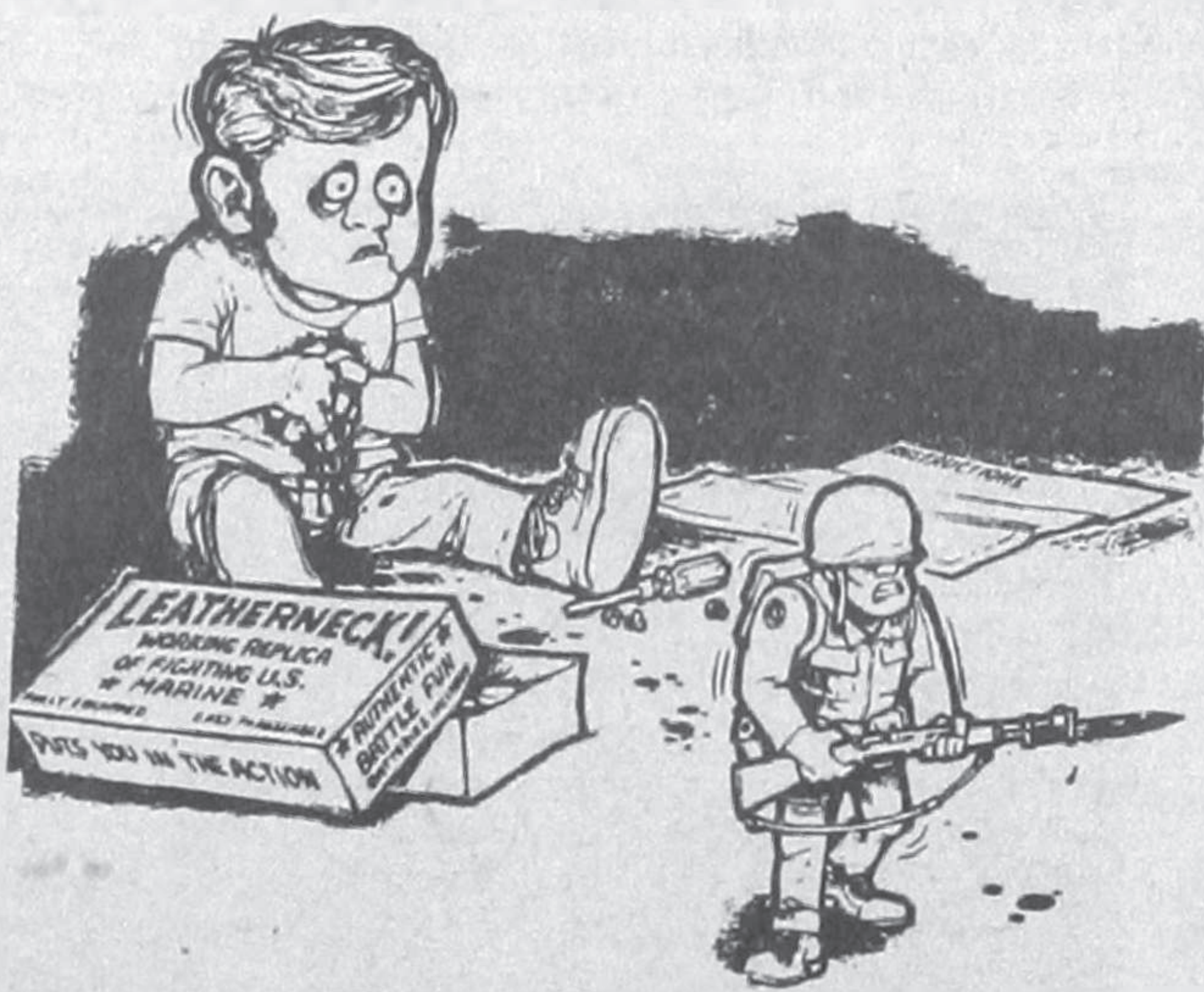
many of the demonstrators will be arrested and that they must not face this situation alone.

Both organizations are working closely together in circulating a statement of support for draft card burners. It reads: "In all wars the old get the young to do the fighting and dying. Even we who seek peace rely on you to take the greatest risks. Therefore, we men and women ineligible for the draft want to join in your risk. We declare that we have conspired with you in the burning of your draft cards, that we shall continue to do so, and that we shall aid and abet others. We encourage you in this act and honor you for it. We are willing to share with you the risk of arrest, fine and imprisonment."

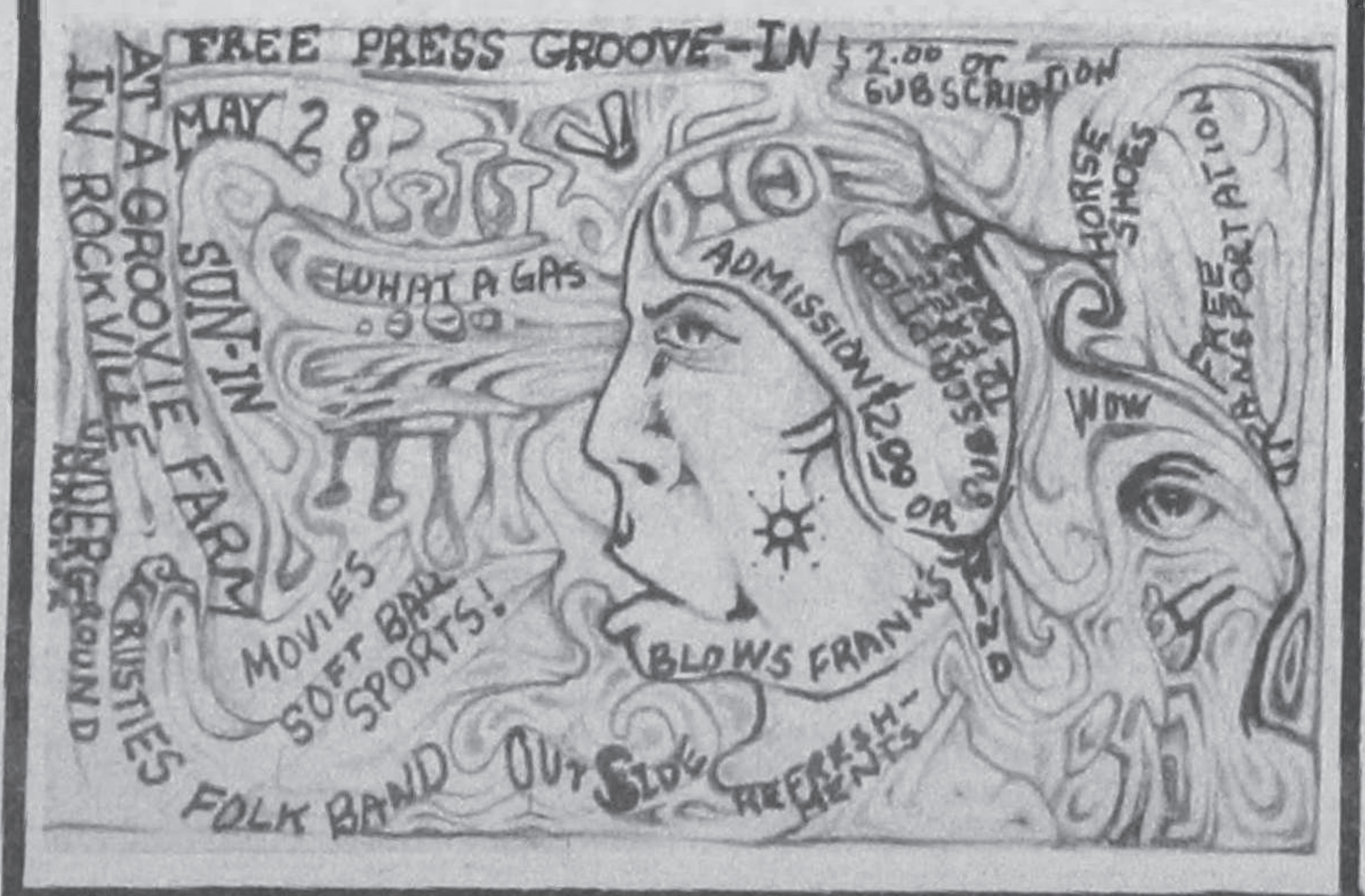
unsuccessful, then a number of people are going to end up in jail for a good period of time. If there was any likelihood that this transformation would be made, it would be worth the risk. Since this would appear to be extremely unlikely in the immediate future, such a course of action would prove to be pointless and self-defeating.

And indeed, many do maintain that any form of draft resistance is futile and impractical. Presently, they feel, each must find his own solution while organizing radical constituencies. Hopefully, in the future, this will make possible active resistance while at the same time proposing serious alternatives.

But can the left afford to ignore the issue? While the draft is a difficult organizing issue, and if handled improperly could lead to a brutal suppression, American radicals must ask themselves if it would be consistent with their values and their responsibility both to the youth of American and Vietnam to evade the issue. Most by now have concluded to the contrary. Given this decision some choice must be made between complete opportunism in the means of evading military duty and meaningless martyrdom. Certainly the charge of "complicity" is a valid one even if it may not prove to be entirely relevant. A high risk of long jail terms will be everpresent (especially for the organizers) but should not serve as a deterrent if the New Left is at all serious about its rhetoric.



The FREE PRESS apologizes for the ill-timed rain that washed out our May 14th groove-in. But we are still ready to groove--cosmic forces permitting, May 28th. Join us.



A BUCKY'S JUMP

By Tom Passaic

Monday night last (April 25) the doors pushed out at Coolidge Auditorium of the Library of Congress and the buttoned-down eyes of a hundred homebreakers and poetesters of the Potomac (and you and I) watched 6 footer James Dickey led out quickly by an invisible leash. The truth-or-consequences M. C. holding the end of it tells us that Mr. Dickey has been elected a second term as Consultant of Poetry at the Library of Congress that will run to Spring 1968.

It may never be disclosed who makes the appointment: "Some one back there" it is told, is not dead.

James Dickey's suspicions of poetry have been confirmed and expanded since he wrote the essays collected from conservative publications in *A Suspect of Poetry* 1964, where in "The Poet turns on himself" (No, he was drinking then), he seems to turn away from English Lit:

"I had a secret suspicion that Whitman, Lawrence, the Imagists and others were cheating, absolving themselves from the standing problems and difficulties of verse".

Let-see how the confirmations and confounding result in creating a North Poetry and South Poetry with a buffer of untouchables between like Roethke, Nemerov and Richard Wilbur. In a review of *Suspect of Poetry*, Victor Howes remarked that Mr. James Dickey has:

No ponderous tome of literary officialdom uttering canons and commandments, no high court distributing poetic justice right and left."

How quick the change when in the High Chair of bardic heritage from where Archiblaire MacLeish spoke, and Stephen Spender intelligenslated. The Poet James has turned critic to

vile with Eliot and Empson; but the new poetry will have "a sense of the absolute basics of life" and for these, "the language of Eliot and Empson is not right." It is rather left holding 6 types of ambiguity.

Just as a British reviewer of *Suspect in Poetry* noted:

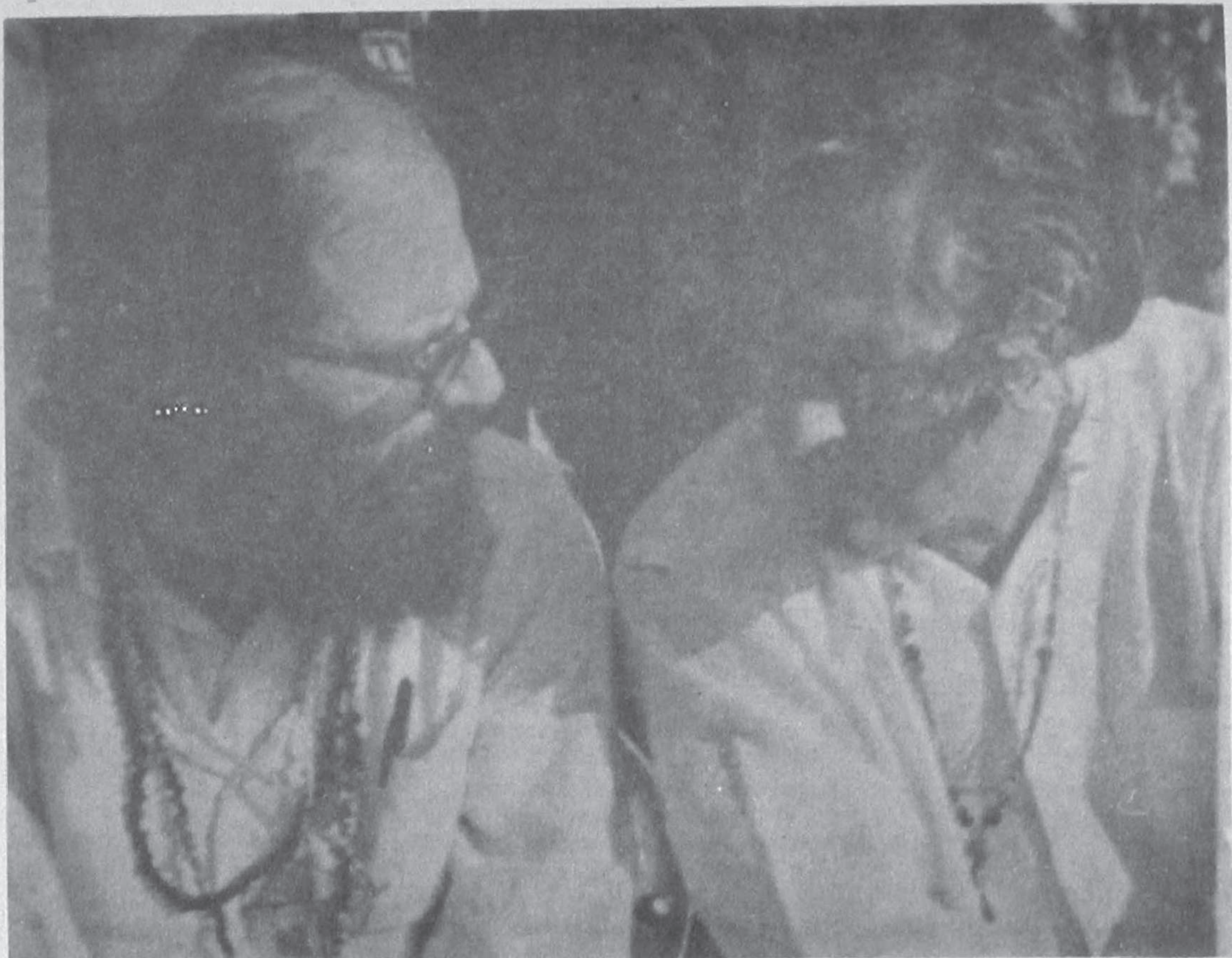
Mr. Dickey tends to be plous and unrewarding with his enthusiasms and he never really provides the arguments that might explain the curious range of values... but James Dickey considers the book a "chopped up" crib now. A new book next fall will impress us more.

James Dickey has decided to plot the future by implying that in poetry "things of genuine concern (were) lost because of Pound and Eliot", and the "poets of the future... will repudiate (repeats 'repudiate') that".

We have, Monday last, been led into the Ministry of the Great New Poetry. I find it hard to omit mentioning personal affinities and the in-poet things we light one, that would obviate this ministry and show it to be incompatible with the production of Everybody's Verse.

Why does he occupy it? It "makes possible the supreme projections of one man's ideas - if it is wrong makes a bigger mistake". Then is a practising poet a way to assure consultation toward a balanced dispensation of American Poetry for 2 crucial years where anthologies have to practically be sneaked out to bookstores. Ignorance of American writing results because the Ministry is cheating by officially censuring the imagination, while searching for the "simple statement".

Of those who Mr. Dickey says, call him a vitalist, mystic, etc. David Ignatow (*Nation* June 20, 1966): "In a paradoxical way, Dickey is an offshoot of Walt Whitman", "the self is all".



Somebody loves Allen Ginsberg...

Ramparts. Gscheidle

His pandora is James, and Our James will cite Exodus 4, from the burning desk in the offices of the Ministry: "Here am I".

Turning on-poetry from the top of The Hill, Our J. read from his paper entitled:

"Spinning The Crystal Ball; Some Guesses At The Future of American Poetry".

"Hope y'all are pre-sold." (Dickey wrote copy for Coca-Cola at Atlanta) - "poet at bay...like to be at bay...at edge and make speeches, express opinions...one man's meat and anti-meat..."

How is he going to prophesize? "From empirical evidence". He opens up at the first Hell-demon, the "school of Personal Complaint" with Robert Lowell at the head. Sorry, I thought it would be Allen Ginsberg too, but he wasn't mentioned at all. From the Poet-who-Refused-LBJ, to W. D. Snodgrass, Ann Sexton, recent Pulitzer prize for poetry Sylvia Plath (he quotes). "the essentially therapeutic" - "the slickly confessional and glib". Now D. H. Lawrence is turned to quotidian use: "one sheds one's sickness in books".

He looks up to see if the Koolidge Klub has become part of the pack, or should he hold them at bay with more categories. He has made a kill for us and wants a taste of the bag. And there may be no limit, all one has to be familiar with is Poetry Today. After Roethke, who Dickey previously called the greatest poet in the country, put down all versifiers, our James comes on Ahab out of Daerslayer. His style of narrative-suspense poems show fox-hunting, drunks fishing

sharks, dreams of catching killer whales, deer with bow & arrow, gamecocks ("same cry that the world cannot stop", firebombing cities' "demanding, unreasonably battling to death for what is his," like Nietzsche in *Ariadne's Lament*, the victim of the hunter-god "Thou unknown God! - an archtypal Wotan. He has hunted the faststarting New American Poets in his book of criticism, *In Suspect of Poetry*: "a new conformity-in-anarchism". The Peril has been read & considerably grown since then.

Louis Simpson, former Consultant, in *Nation* April 24, 1967, see the "Dead Horse": "I can see very little similarity between the aesthetic principles of James Wright and Allen Ginsberg, Robert Creeley & W. S. Merwin, Robert Bly & Gary Snyder. Yet in these... a surprising amount of agreement. One common revulsion has joined (them) in the common enterprise of poetry readings and protests against the war in Vietnam".

Dickey in 1964: "Nothing on God's earth can shut them up.... few can right a lick". The chase begins after William Carlos Williams (by extension Pound) the Black Mountain School and their large hereafter on the Coast, England, Canada, New York, Latin America. Agh, now the lecture: "the American writers lay down manifestos and organize" (neither is true) - names Olson, Creeley, Dorn, Levertov like they were The High Priests. "Olson's theories more interesting than his verse"; then watching us, the pack, to

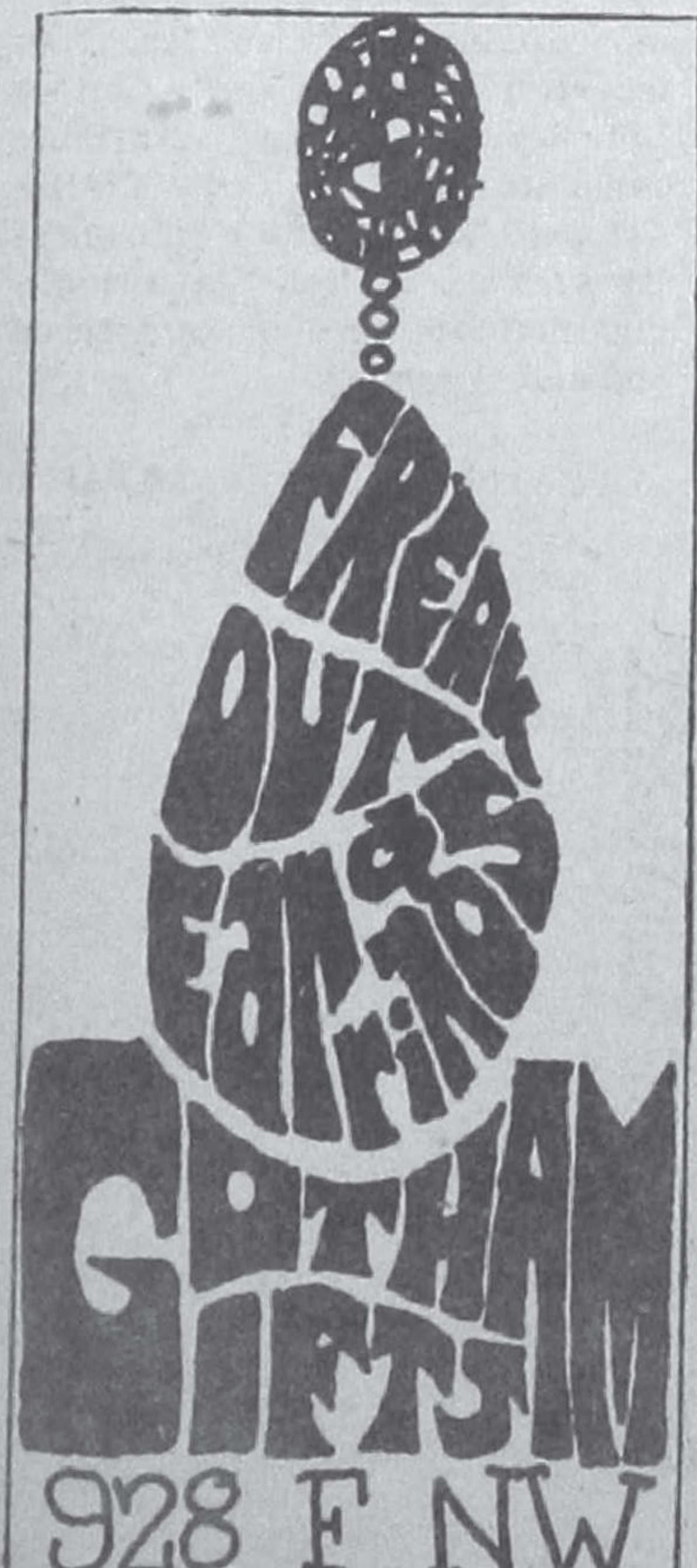
pick up on that spore, he tears once again at Charles Olson's brilliant and much quoted and satirized (by Bly) essay, *Projective Verse* (1950): "A poem is energy transferred from where the poet got it, by way of the poem itself to, all the way over to, the reader. Okay." Dickey (scoffing), "Okay, but so what?" The audience - I mean The Pack - lost that one, he yelps "ha ha, heh heh". Imagine a bow & arrow hunter trying to pot a deligning phrase about kinetics, where in the next paragraph Olson indicates, "the problem which any poet who departs from closed form is specially confronted by" - the same sort of form Dickey has been wrestling with earlier (he wasn't writing poetry then) when he says in *Poet Turns On Himself*: "I needed to move beyond these qualities (of his third book, *Helmets*)... into other areas of diction, image and subject matter."

Isn't Our James O' The Hill neglecting difficulties of craft and criticism to spin royalties out of copy-writing? Well, next in the lecture he goes after Bly, Robert, Spanish & German translations - "bad as possible" "easy to write" - "Imitation Spanish"; and at the end of the night a small city of poets is still roaming wild, "we" have bagged (or bee n) and tasted examples of stuff "specialized and prejudicial" The Imaginary hunters & beaters are Roethke, J. V. Cunningham, (makes Our James quote four-letter verse to titillate the housewives), Alan Tate, Katherine Hoskins, Eleanor Ross Taylor, William Stafford, Vern Russano, and WOW another former consultant, Randall Jarrell, who "will be a hero to us" - the original reads, "is going to be - if indeed he isn't already - a hero to us" -- the Hall of Fame is being redecorated. Quotes Mr. Jarrell's "Lost World": "I take a box and add it to my wild rice, my/Cornish Game Hens." Unlike the hunter in Dickey's "Springer Mountain" who hangs his bow & arrow on a tree, takes off his clothes and chases the deer he was tracking. Difference in The Catch, "my brain dazed and pointed with trying to grow horns, glad that it cannot."

Helmets, Poems 1957-1967 planted in libraries like anti-personnel mines, less like bamboo splinters.

Poet's ethic? What he thinks a

cont'd. on page 10



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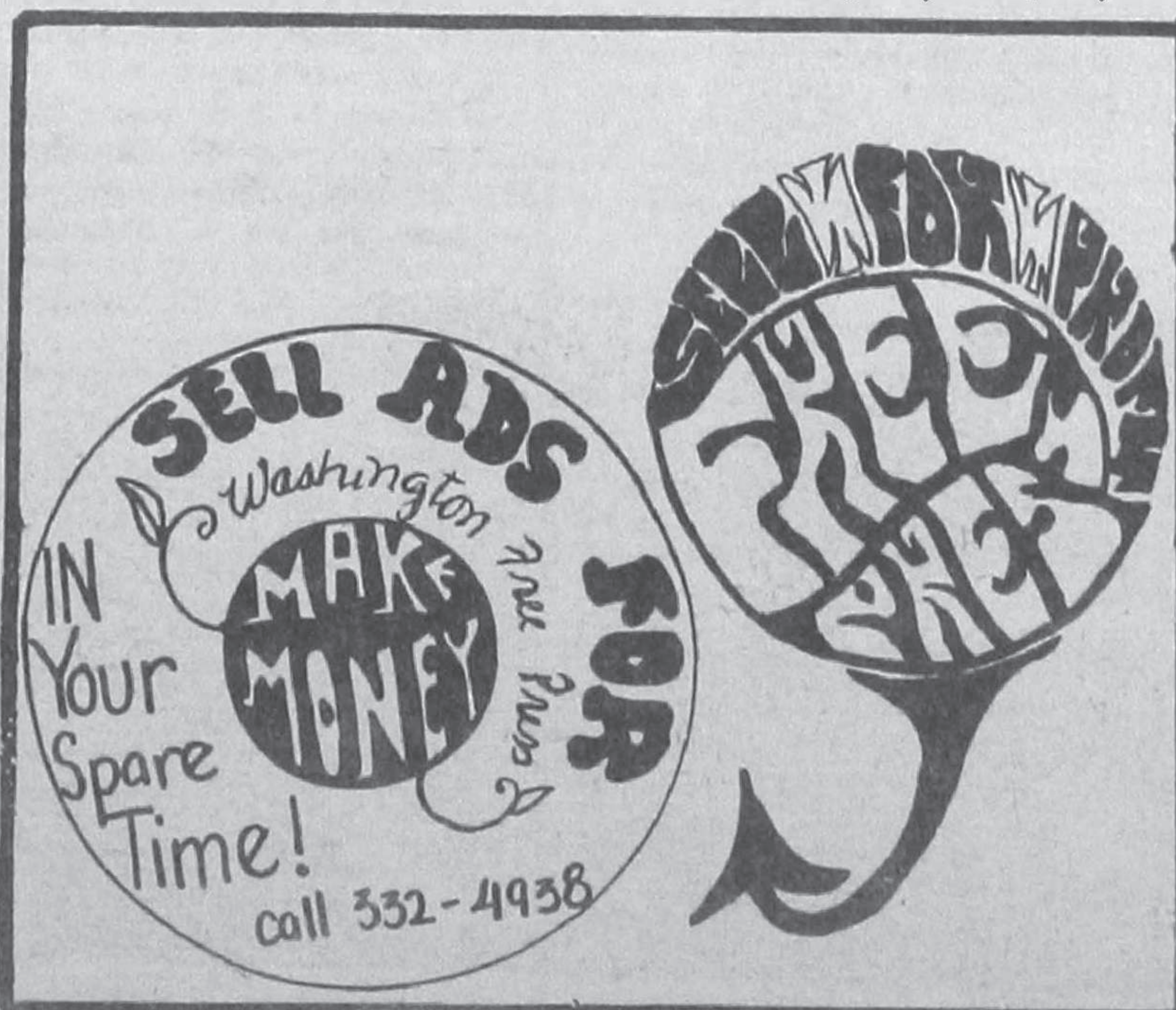
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KALEIDOSCOPE



By David Paletz

SON OF SPREAD EAGLE

The Washington Theater Club often provides the best commercial theater in this city. Less determinedly conventional than its competitors, it sometimes ventures by introducing obscure plays of capable playwrights. Although hampered by lack of funds, its productions are professional in spirit and intent if not always in every quality. But the Theater Club has severe defects which its latest production throws into stark relief.

Son of Spread Eagle is a review which could be dismissed briefly. It features six likeable and spirited performers who work hard, often successfully, to entertain and divert with generally thin material. The night I saw it, the songs evaporated, some of the puns remained, and the pacing and relationship of the sketches was erratic. (This may have been a result of substantial revisions in content and order caused by journalistic criticism.)

Why is Son of Spread Eagle so tepid? Why does it leave me unmoved? Satire demands the presentation, in exaggerated fashion of the characteristics and behavior of the victims. To do this effectively requires either capable mimics or appropriate technical substitutes. Some years ago, "the Establishment" had a skit about American policy towards Laos. First they gave us a cast member as a pompous expert who discoursed incompetently but with all his facts accurate, about the situation. He was almost genuine. Then, when our laughter ceased, an excerpt of a Kennedy press conference was flashed onto the screen. The President's valiant attempt to explicate Boun Oum from Kong Le from Souvanna Phouma from Phoumi Nosovan was real and hilarious. The Theater Club review lacks a mimic and never employs film or material taken from life (perhaps facilities are lacking).

It may be that the targets attacked must be respected or even revered for the satire to be funny and effective. Pointing out the well-known crudities and foibles of President Johnson and the inanities of Governor Reagan tells the

audience nothing it does not already know but merely reinforces an existing feeling of superiority. More important, the beliefs and behavior satirized, should, as much as possible be those of the audience itself. Spectators should have their assumptions uprooted, or at least be roused from their lethargy. Read for example, Swift's Modest Proposal.

It is this satirical imperative which Son of Spread Eagle cannot meet. The sketches are written by disparate authors but the entire evening reflects a uniform middle-class mentality. Targets, like Johnson, Reagan, the Klan, and our non-recognition of China, are obvious, and their treatment unexceptional. The arrows have no points. Thus, in a song about buttons, Mary Poppins is called a Muslim and not, as I have heard it, a junkie. And the Reagan school of the air is a satchel of our prejudices about the right wing. Vietnam is approached not from the perspective of the horror of the war but from its domestic implications in a rather weak imitation of Animal Farm. Such vulnerable but difficult targets as God, or Son of God, sexual perversion or normality, the Supreme Court, and the lies and corruption endemic in most societies, especially ours, are scarcely considered.

The horror and beauty of contemporary American life precludes satire, or at least makes it a challenge beyond the capacity of a middle-class mentality. The only kind of effective satire now extant is crude, brutal, politically alienated and destructive. Thus we have the remnants of an English literary tradition in Barbara Garrison's MacBird, or the savagery of the Fugs in such songs as "Coca-Cola Douche" and "Kill for Peace."

The Washington Theater Club with all its qualities, is in no sense radical. It cannot, therefore, meet the demands of satire imposed in 1967. Washington needs a radical theater to present contemporary American and foreign plays. Such a theater would, hopefully, be capable of satire relevant to our time. Or we could import the Fugs.

YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW

Aunt Sophe reviews You're A Big Boy Now, playing at the Loew's Embassy. I have punctuated for clarity.

A wonderful motion picture it is; but some things I didn't like. There is this boy who is not Jewish. If he was Jewish he wouldn't act like such a schlemiel. He works at the big library in New York City. This boy is short and between his front teeth there's a gap. He also wears glasses, but he's cute. He has this mudder who is, like Duvid says, voracious. She tells him not to do. At this age, twenty, a son should be free from such a woman. No Jewish mudder would keep her son so.

Well, this boy is interested in girls. One girl is a kind of actress and sexy dancer in a go-go hall. Her name is Elizabeth Hartman. Last time I saw her she was blind with this black Negro fellow in a film Patch of Blue. (Duvid calls it Patch of Blue--for this mudder sent him to college?). In this film she is like a tiger and she lives in an apartment which is nice furnished for young people. She is not Jewish, and up top does not have much of a finger.

Well, this boy has also a papa who is big in the library but runs after girls himself which a man in such a position should never do in public. And the boy has a friend who is much cuter and looks Jewish. This friend wears ties like my son used to wear twenty years ago (now he-my son-is an accountant and a nice living he makes). Also this friend takes these pills which I don't understand because the movie is kind of vague about this which is good because lots of young people will see it and such bad things they shouldn't do.

I think that's enough about what goes on in the movie except to say that in the end the boy goes off with the nice girl who, like all nice girls, waits for him. (Always it's the good ones who suffer). Except now I remember, maybe she's not such a nice girl after all.

All the people in the film I like like Julie Harris and Geraldine Page and Peter Kastner de boy, and this man who was a policeman,

A lotta udder re-viewers say that this film is way-out. Vydey say this I don't know. It's like all those wonderful Hollywood films about boys who go from being schlemiels to menschen. But den I'm a moviegoer from way back (every Wednesday for fifty years.) I've seen them all. Except in this film there is a Negro man in a kilt. This I never saw before.

The director (Duvid says always say something about the director--he calls this the author theory) is a nice Italian boy from UCLA called Coppola. This is supposed to be his first big film. Sure he knows how to make a movie a little bit, but sometimes I don't think he knows too much about how to direct actors. And sometimes it seems that the scenes go on too long or that the point is not made. I mean, I don't know much about this but maybe the film is a little botched up sometimes.

This Italian boy doesn't know how to put New York into his picture. I don't know how to do it either (I should direct a movie?) but just showing people walking or running in the streets is not enough. I think you have to show that living and working there is important to their lives. Like this nasty movie The Sweet Smell of Success which long ago I saw.

Maybe this Coppola boy a different kind of movie wanted to make. There is some talk about sex with Duvid says is about how American women castrate their men (why did his mudder send him to college--I warned her).

So me, I'm glad they kept out anything dirty or different. Now it is a nice film with odd characters, a little modern maybe, but fun for all the family. By the way, I think this boy Coppola saw der Knack and de Morgan.

BORN FREE

As an ardent disciple of the Marx Brothers, I recently attended the Circle Theater to see A Day at the Races. Also showing was Laurel and Hardy's magnificently funny short The Music Box. The third film, Born Free, demands comment.

Born Free is one of those rampantly obscene films ostensibly made for the entire family. It is about a childless and frigid Englishwoman, married to a tolerant but lackluster Scotsman.

Sexually frustrated, she transfers her love and attention to a female lion which she persists in hugging throughout the film.

This dirty film is, I understand, based on a best selling book. This I don't doubt, since when the filmmakers are at a loss to move the action, (what little action there is) they revert to off-screen narration written in that school-girl prose weaned on Virginia Woolf, but lacking imagery, imagination, insight, and pain. One result is that the lions, having no dialogue to utter, are the best actors in the film despite limited emotive ability.

There is a philosophical veneer, something about lions being born free. Thus, when not necking with her mistress, the lioness is coaxed into trapping and devouring her own food. We are therefore treated to the sight of mangled zebras being nibbled; but always, in impeccable good taste, in long shot.

The predominantly college audience enjoyed the film immensely. This is a tribute to the makers' commercial eye and an indication that contemporary collegians, of the Washington D.C. variety at least, are less hip than ingenuous.

A DAY AT THE RACES

In A Day at the Races, made in the late thirties, there is a scene redolent of the white liberals' view of the Negro then as living in a vast overcrowded community, cheerful, feckless, innocent and always animated. A huge crowd of Hollywood "darkies" follow the perennial Marx Brothers tenor (this time Alan Jones) to the strains of "All God's Children Got Rhythm" (which I invariably remember as "All God's Children Got Chills"). The treatment of the Africans in Born Free is more dignified but equally stereotyped and embarrassing.

A prudent Icarus, David Paletz is also a political scientist.



Sons of some really spread Eagles.

Photo by George De Vincent

TO PFC. MILTON L. OLIVE - 19 YEARS OLD.....
TO A BLACK HERO OR HOW COME YOU DIED IN VAIN???

Dear Milton, in Death-

Your precious parents came to Washington to receive your Medal of Honor, for helping a degenerate nation kill thousands of innocent people in Vietnam.....
I have looked in your young brown face in magazines, newspapers and shadowed T. V. images and wondered how did they fool you into going??
did they threaten you??
did they bribe you??
did you want to kill innocent people, people with the same problems as you, the white man.....
Innocent black man, why did you have to dive on a loud grenade?
Innocent young sincere Black man whose life was just beginning to question the wind
This So Called Man who gave you the medal, with your eyes dead, with your torn, wrecked body.....
your mother, she cried, your father gave a vague speech about freedom, I am sure he said the freedom of all people, this is not what you gave your life for.....
YOU GAVE YOUR LIFE for a dying way of life, a bank, some senator who votes day in and day out to take away your freedom, a racist government, a government bent on holding back, blowing up, smashing, hating, tearing up, poisoning, burning, all freedoms
I know how you got there with the shapnel tearing your poor brown flesh to save middle class whites to save rich whites to save a way of thinking that took your grandmother's freedom
your great grand father's freedom and kept promising you yours after you got back fighting poor yellow people who only want the freedom you never had in your home town
where the white mobs spit on men carrying crosses
where the mob breaks black men's backs-
where the white mobs tear black babies from wombs
where your skin is black and no jobs, no homes, no peace, no life ask Emmet Till-
so you see, I had to write you, even tho' you'll never see these words maybe some other young black, sincere man whose eyes air the echos of green leaves, whose hand touches the forehead of truth
and will read it and go to jail before his life is torn limb by limb by hideous shrapnel, thrown by a man defending his homeland from a hideous white beast of prey

HUNGER

with his lips in my hunger
no, bruise them raw and red
press those grapes with a foot dance
stain those teeth with salt wine

I stood on a turtle and travelled far,
he asked me for no direction
knowing his own or none,
we found a watermelon, both ate,
he to the bitter rind, I the red;
when we spat out seeds, whole planets
sprouted from our tongues and sang

now surely you are tired of riddles,
you who eat ice cream cones in bed --
such a cold way to reconnoiter Vesuvius! --
when that tide comes in
tongue's a mountain river rushing to meet

outside (inside) april is reluctant
this chill wind treads my cartilage
with a tuning fork, I can hear the sound
fade and fade, I am not somebody else who
must die, kiss me all over -- from inside, may
my bones fracture this Now with my hunger
for your silent tongue working in my ribs

By Gaston Neal

Gaston Neal is one of the founders of the New School for Afro-American Thought

POETRY

By Will Inman

Will Inman is poet-in-residence at American University

A BUCK'S JUMP

cont'd. from page 8

poet's responsibility is? When handed the National Book Award (1966): "I begin to shake when people ask me questions of this sort....poets would do well not to approach poetry FROM THAT ANGLE...instead of trying to bring about reform, should try to express their vision of seeing... much poetry of social reform written with the best intent is SO AWFUL". I think the poetry of the future is going to go BACK the other way, back toward basic things and basic-sounding statements about them..."

HIDE, poets, hounds, rabbits, eagles, hawks, doves, Simpson, stars! "a simple language of necessity...like caveman would say, WE HAVE MEAT." Someone got him a good stand on The Hill and like Whitman, dry-shooting you while you stand in line waiting to hear Voxmosensky. "what McLuhan would call TRIBAL -- if he wouldn't, I would..." (Questioned about McLuhan, bestselling author, Our James: "I opt for spoken word")

This prospect is supposed to "strike a spark of hope in every

heart" as Washington Post's Phil Casey had put it? "American hearts excited and dominated by the terrible poetry of a man who runs with the animals", as Michael Goldman, poetry editor, The Nation (poets on Poetry issue, Apr. 24, 1967) heats it? "at last arrive at an emotional primitivism where we can connect with what draws us", as James draws it?

Can Dickey see the tracks through the New Criticism (which I hadn't bother to explain, became the new conservatism)

A psychologist thinks a veteran of too many bombruns over Japan loves all gooks of his generation - tries to form confidences (Walt Whitman warned against this) with his put-off generation up around him in poverty along Pennsylvania Avenue.

There could not be over-compensation by a read-in at Coolidge Auditorium by Lerol Jones, Langston Hughes and Elijah Mohammed. And Our James lacks the influence and consent to invite poets to large communal readings, he knows no one but the dead from the poetry quarter-

lies. Former consultant Howard Nemerov (Vermont) read elsewhere last year. So did Saul Bellows, one imagines Hemingway would read at The Wash. Press Club if he were alive.

Roethke, who Dickey calls "the greatest poet we could ever have have in this country", had turned against his "tedious contemporaries" (quoting him, now) in the essay "A Tirade Turning". If you do not find yourself in this rather complete catalog of poetasters, you are like me - in love. Roethke confesses at the finish:

Behold, I'm a heart set free,
for I have taken my hatred and eaten it,

The last acrid sac of my rat-like fury;

I have succumbed, like all fanatics to my imagined victims;
I embrace what I perceive!
Brothers and sisters, dance yet

Dance ye all!
But Our James still jumps The Buck.

Mrs. Shirley Terribossi
of Teaneck, N.J. writes:

"Where can I buy
The Washington Free
Press?"

ANSWER:

Dupont Circle

Dupont Cabinet Shop
1639 P Street, N.W.

Toast and Strawberries
2009 R Street, N.W.

Americans for Democratic
Action
1346 Connecticut Ave.

African High Life
1603 Connecticut Ave.

Women Strike For Peace
2016 P Street, N.W.

Spanish Import Shop
1636 - 17th Street, N.W.

Georgetown

Bleecker Street
1665 Wisconsin Avenue

Yonder's Wall
3320 M Street, N.W.

Yes!
1214 - 31st Street, N.W.

Common Reader Book Shop
1333 Wisconsin Avenue

Andean Arts
1659 Wisconsin Avenue

Balloon Factory
1212 - 31st Street, N.W.

Savile Book Shop
3236 P Street, N.W.

Downtown

Cosmopolitan News
603 - 15th Street, N.W.

Universal News
735 - 14th Street, N.W.
503 - 14th Street, N.W.
405 - 11th Street, N.W.

South Columbia Heights

Student-Non-Violent Co-
ordinating Committee
1234 You Street, N.W.

Capitol Hill

World Soul Gallery
315 - 7th Street, S.E.

Brown Study Book Shop
307 - 7th Street, S.E.

Southeast

Rebels with a Cause
Nichols Ave. at Howard Road

Southeast Neighborhood
House
2263 Mount View Place

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George Washington University
United Christian Fellowship
Barbara Sack
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Maryland University
Students for a Democratic
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Mark Steiner

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GUCAP Office
Ann Marie McLoone
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Catholic University
C. U. Committee
to End the War

Dan Early
1362 Newton Street, N.E.

American University
Students for a Democratic
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Rachel Rubinstein

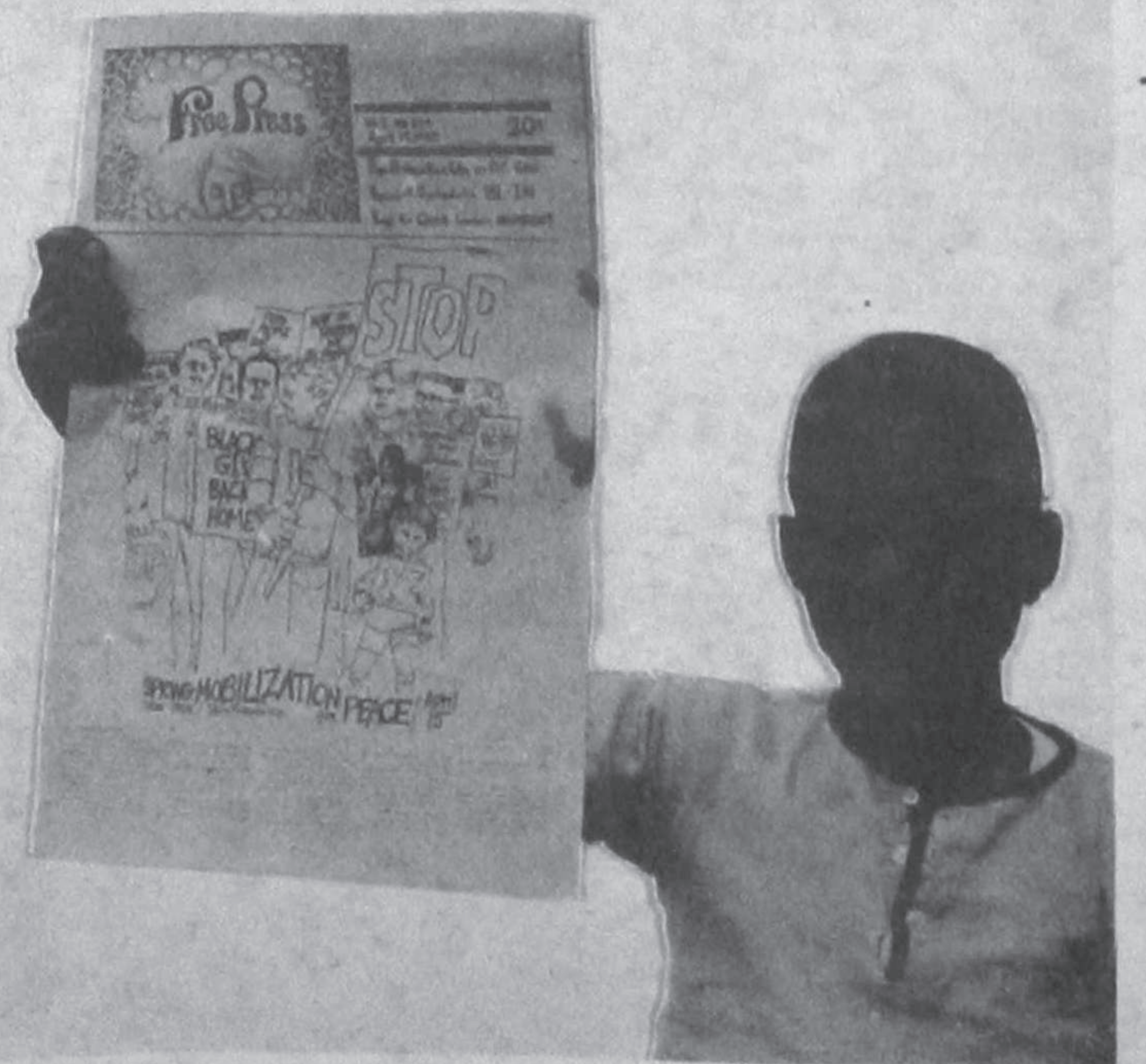
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PACIFISTS MEET PENTAGON

by Bill Rimm

By the 3rd day of their confrontation with the Pentagon last week, the group of Pacifists from the Boston to Washington Walk for Peace had been reduced to just "hanging around." On the first day, their attempt to stage a sit-in in the War Room ended, not unexpectedly, in their being lifted bodily out of the building. The second day, just being in the building and handing out leaflets was enough to earn them this honor. On the 3rd day, Pentagon officials refused to allow them to enter the building, not even to use the rest rooms. And so, they walked around from one blocked entrance to another and from one closed door to another, finally coming to a rest on the "proch" of the River entrance.

There had been a number of confrontations and conversations between these young people and Pentagon officials, but certainly no communication. It was the utter lack of communication that was the sad and striking feature of the whole affair. There stood the band of war protesters and there stood the representatives of the most powerful war-making machine in all of history. They were polite to each other; they acted respectful towards each other; there were no harsh words... but the two groups might as well have been from different planets for all that they communicated to each other. The pacifists talked of non-violence, democracy and freedom to enter a public building. The officials, when they responded at all, spoke of rules and regulations, disrupting "business," and so on. The spoke from behind masks that made it impossible to know what they really thought and felt. And yet, at the same time it seemed awfully urgent to know just that.

by Frank Speltz

But already the political pressure of the Russells, Pools, and Teagues had begun to slosh over and through the PR insouciance of the Pentagon; were impudent Davids again penetrating the Holy of Holies with no respect for national rubrics, which restrict access to such sanctuaries to those anointed with the oil of loyalty? The order came down from One who had to take precious seconds away from His concentration on napalm coordinates; what could have proved to be an embarrassing situation was finally resolved to the satisfaction of both Pentagon and Pacifists. Arrest. Non-cooperation. Flashbulbs.

At the Nike-Zeus Building in Alexandria (where appropriately a whole floor is given over to a federal court) four Negro cops were summoned to fetch and tote the prisoners into the courtroom and out again, while dozens of white strawboss cops stood by watching. Before this reporter arrived on the scene, his wife (and baby son) had been forcibly evicted from the building after showing her FREE PRESS pass. Later she gained a seat in the courtroom by slipping on an elevator unnoticed. When this reporter joined her in the courtroom, the hearing officer interrupted his proceedings to announce that "no one is permitted into this courtroom without a jacket." A queer linking up of Sunday church, night clubs, and courtrooms in my mind. I informed Him that I had a right to witness the proceedings, because I was an American citizen and because I was not disturbing the arraignment. Several marshals converged to eject me when He suddenly thought better of the whole affair and grandly announced that He would allow people without phylacteries to remain "today."

The Hearing Officer then proceeded again with the liturgy. The words were obviously the hard-won fruit of years of work; melodious, rising and falling in natural cascades of rhythm, unchanging. Acolytes scurried to and fro, bearing folders and messages. Ushers at the door attempted to insure that no non-believers were admitted.

CNVA understood its role in the liturgy well. At the height of the sacrificial ritual, the acolytes fetched/toted the willing victims to the altar. That Holiness was at stake here was understood by both priest and victim. H. O. complained that they were "scandalizing" the nation; many of the men began a fast in the face of the collective evil they had encountered.

The pacifists are presently cloistered at the D. C. Jail and the Women's Bureau, where so far no men of the cloth (nor any of their friends) have been permitted to tread. No bail has been sought, nor lawyers.

It is a time of purification and of plotting; of fasting and of figuring; of intensity and of intrigue. All of which leaves the laity with a feeling of uneasiness and mystery. So it goes its everyday way, leaving it to "Father" who knows best anyway.

While, here at the FREE PRESS, our hearts are with Chuck Matthei, near death from lack of water. For Chuck has slept on our kitchen couch more than several times. And partaken at our table. And warmed our laughter. And drank our water.....



Unfettered Thought at Free U.

photo by Jo Ann Neuhaus

Free Univ.
cont'd. from page 2

The Free University is attempting to provide an unstructured learning situation in which learning itself is the goal. It is open to all and with the classes usually initiated by the students. It is to be operated on the principle of participatory democracy with the students being assisted by interested faculty members. By abandoning conventional institutions of reward and punishment such as tests and grades, the Free University hopes to encourage unrestricted and unfettered dialogue on subjects of common interest to the participants.

toast and Strawberries

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Vigil Outside D.C. Jail



THURSDAY - MAY 18

VIETNAM. Demonstration at White House by those opposed to the war in Vietnam, including national leaders of the peace movement who will attempt to see the President. This may not be held if the attempt to see the President on Wednesday is successful. If unsuccessful both days, another attempt will be made on Friday. Call 387-6607 for information.

TRIPS PARTY. Evening of slides and movies taken on past Americans for Democratic Action tours; home of Mr. and Mrs. Baylinson, 4512 Davenport St., N.W., 8:30 p.m. Information on this year's tours will be available. RSVP at 265-4435 or call Mrs. Baylinson at EM 2-5573.

MEETING. Capitol Hill Concerned Citizens for Peace. Every Thursday at 8 p.m. Call 544-4321 for details.

DISCUSSION. I. F. Stone speaking and moderating a public discussion of the issues of Vietnam. Cedar Lane Unitarian Church, 9601 Cedar Lane, Bethesda, Md., 8 p.m. Sponsored by the Bethesda Concerned Citizens for Peace.

FILMS. "Search for Ulysses" and "Wild Highlands" (Scotland) at library, 6530 Adelphi Rd., Hyattsville, Md., 7:30 p.m., Meeting Room.

PSYCHEDELICS. Discussion group at Yonders Wall, 3320 M St., N.W., 9 p.m.; every Thursday evening; open to public.

COFFEEHOUSE - JAZZ. Iguana Coffeehouse in the basement of the Lutheran Church of Thomas Circle. Jazz groups play from 8 pm to 1 am. 50¢ donation. Every Thursday and Friday.

FRIDAY - MAY 19

VIETNAM. See May 18 listing.

VIETNAM. Mass meeting against the war at St. Stephen's Church, 16th and Newton, N.W., 8 p.m.; largely in preparation for national anti-war conference to be held in Washington the next two days (see May 20 listing). Call 387-6607 for details.

ARTS & CRAFTS FESTIVAL. Demonstrations and displays of rug-hooking, quilting, oil painting wood-carving, chair-caning, jewelry, lapidary, glass-bending, lace-making, by local artists and craftsmen. Library, 6530 Adelphi Rd., Hyattsville, Md. Today 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Saturday 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

COFFEEHOUSE-JAZZ. see May 18 listing.

FILM. "Guns of Navarrone." Student Union, U. of Md., 7 and 9 p.m. Repeated Saturday and Sunday.

COFFEEHOUSE. Basement of Church of the Pilgrims, 22nd and P., N.W., 9 to 12 pm; free admission, live entertainment. Every Friday.

SATURDAY - MAY 20

VIETNAM. National anti-war conference to discuss future plans for the national movement. Hawthorne School, 501 "I" Street, S.W. Registration from 8:30 to 10 a.m.; call 387-6607 for details or to offer housing for those coming in from out of town.

ARTS & CRAFTS FESTIVAL. see May 19 listing.

CYCLING along Canal. Meet at Towpath Cycle Shop, 2816 Penn. Ave., N.W. at 10:30 a.m.; bring lunch. Call Mr. Cameron at 986-2621 (days) for further information. Sponsored by 20-30 Club.

FILM. "Guns of Navarrone." Student Union, U. of Md., 7 and 9 p.m. Repeated Sunday.

SOUL HOOTENANY. Wingate East Apts., 74 Galveston St., S.W., Pavillion Room, \$1.25, 9 p.m. Benefit for worthy cause but we aren't sure which one. Go and find out.

OPEN SING. Alexandria Folklore Center, 205 North Royal Street, Alexandria, Va. 8 pm; free admission and coffee. Every Saturday.

FOLK DANCING. No partners needed - All Souls Church, Harvard and 15th, N.W., 8 pm. Every Saturday.

FLEA MARKET at St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, 16th and Newton, N.W. noon to 5 pm.

MUSIC. Blecker St. Shop, 1665 Wisconsin Ave., Rusty Clark, Violin and Lloyd McNeill, flute; 2:30 p.m., free admission and lemonade. Every Saturday.

SUNDAY - MAY 21

VIETNAM. see May 20 listing.

BRIDGE PARTY at 925 25th St., N.W., apt. #417. Sponsored by 20-30 Club. Call Miss Eva Brecher at 337-0319 for further information.

FILM. "Guns of Navarrone." Student Union, U. of Md., 7:30 p.m.

DISCUSSION. Members of "Phoenix," boat which went to North Vietnam. Church of the Brethren, Baltimore and Tuckerman, Hyattsville, Md. 8 pm.

CANOEING along Potomac. Meet at 8:30 a.m. at Thompson Boat Center, Rock Creek Drive and Virginia Ave., N.W., \$3.50. Reserve by May 18 with American Youth Hostels, 737-1683.

JAZZ. New School of Afro-American Thought, 2208 14th St., N.W., 8 p.m., \$1.50. Also Afro-American art gallery.

RALLY to support strikers at Suburban Hospital, 8600 Old Georgetown Rd., Bethesda, 3 pm.

UFO's. Open meeting for those interested in learning more about unidentified flying objects: 2822 Devonshire Pl., N.W., Apt. 6, 1:30 pm every Sunday.

MUSIC. Benefit for SNCC at Bohemian Caverns, 11th and U, N.W. Eddie Henderson and Quartet; 4 - 7 p.m., \$2, every Sunday.

MONDAY - MAY 22

DISCUSSION. "Religious Freedom in an Underclared War." A panel discussion with audience participation. American Civil Liberties Union's annual meeting. Representatives of Quakers, State Dept. and ACLU. Washington Gas Light Auditorium, 1100 H St., N.W., 7:45 p.m.

PIANO RECITAL. William Maselos, 8:30 p.m. The Phillips Collection, 1600 21 St., N.W.

TUESDAY - MAY 23

PICNIC in Rock Creek Park. Meet at All Souls Church parking lot, 15th and Fuller, N.W. at 6:15 p.m. for a ride or go directly to Grove 6 on Beach Drive, north of Military Road. Bring your own food; punch and fire supplied. 20-30 Club.

POETRY & CREATIVE WRITING WORKSHOP. Library, 6530 Adelphi Rd., Hyattsville, Md., 7:30 p.m., Conference Room.

VIETNAM. Spring Mobilization Committee meeting every other Tuesday to discuss plans for protesting the war. St. Stephen's Church, 16th and Newton, N.W., 8 p.m. Call 387-6607 for further information. Everybody welcome.

ILLUSTRATED LECTURE. "Nuclear Energy: Promise at Dawn?" Smithsonian Institution, Museum of Natural History, Constitution and 10th St., N.W., 8 p.m., free.

PSYCHODRAMA THEATER. 7:45 pm 1323 New Hampshire Ave., N.W. Call 265-6550 for information \$2. students \$1. Every Tues.

FLEA MARKET at St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, 16th and Newton, N.W., 8 to 9:30 pm.

ISRAELI FOLK DANCING with instruction for beginners. Jewish Community Center, 16th and Q, N.W. 7:30 to 10 pm.

WEDNESDAY - MAY 24

VIETNAM. "Negotiations Now" Campaign meeting combined with Nomination Candidates for Americans for Democratic Action office. Washington Post, 1515 L St., N.W., 8 p.m.; public welcome.

MEETING. Bethesda Concerned Citizens for Peace, 9712 Rutley Rd., Bethesda, Md.; every Wednesday at 8 p.m. Call 469-6004 for further information.

FILM. "Journals of Lewis and Clark," 8 p.m. Museum of Natural History, Constitution Ave. and 10th St., N.W.

VIGIL FOR PEACE. Every Wednesday on 11th St. side of Woodward & Lothrop, between F and G; noon to 1 pm. Call AD 4-2111 for information.

GARDEN PARTY. Program will include fashion show, entertainment, handicraft exhibits and refreshments. Chinese Embassy, 2311 Mass. Ave., N.W. Tickets \$5; 4 to 6:30 p.m. Call 363-7032 for further information.

THURSDAY - MAY 25

FILMS. "Benjamin Barr Lindsey," documentary of Judge Lindsey and his attempts to redress the social evils of the early 1900's; also, "The Odds Against" focusing on the criminal offender. Library, 6530 Adelphi Rd., Hyattsville, Md., 7:30 p.m., Meeting Room.

MEETING. Capitol Hill Concerned Citizens for Peace. Every Thursday at 8 p.m. Call 544-4321 for details.

PSYCHEDELICS. see May 18 listing.

COFFEEHOUSE-JAZZ. see May 18 listing.

FRIDAY - MAY 26

COFFEEHOUSE. see May 19 listing.

COFFEEHOUSE-JAZZ. see May 18 listing.

SATURDAY - MAY 27

CAMPING on beach of Ocracoke, N. Carolina, an island located south of Cape Hatteras, for 4 days; make reservations as soon as possible with Miss Louise Iskow at 588-7360. 20-30 Club.

CLIMBING. A steep climb thru Northern Maryland woods until you reach Wolf Rock. Meet at 8:30 a.m. at Washington Monument parking lot. Bring lunch; \$2. Call American Youth Hostels at 737-1683 for information.

HIKING with the Sierra Club in Rectortown, Va. horse farm country; 5 mile hike. Meet at 11 a.m. at Cooper School on Va. Highway 193, east of Beltway exit 13.

MUSIC. see May 20 listing.

OPEN SING. see May 20 listing.

FOLK DANCING. see May 20 listing.

FLEA MARKET. see May 20 listing.

SUNDAY - MAY 28

YOUTH RALLY. "Spirit and Sounds '67." Grounds of Washington Cathedral, Wisconsin and Mass. Aves. 6:15 to 9:30 p.m.; band music, folk music, speakers, etc. 50¢ donation.

HIKING with Center Hiking Club in Rock Creek Park. Meet at 1:30 p.m., at Harvard St. entrance to National Zoo; 3 to 5 mile hike.

UFO's. see May 21 listing.

MUSIC. SNCC benefit - see May 21 listing.

WASH FREE PRESS GROOVE-IN. see ad.

JAZZ. see May 21 listing.

RALLY. see May 21 listing.

FOLK MUSIC PROGRAM. John Jacob Niles, National Gallery of Art, 8 p.m., free.

MONDAY - MAY 29

The End of the World is scheduled for today. In case of rain, it will be held indoors. For further information call 667-5506.

TUESDAY - MAY 30
MEMORIAL DAY

VIETNAM. Veterans and Reservists Against the Vietnam War plan a funeral type march, probably from Dupont Circle to Lafayette Square. The theme of the march is "They Have Died in Vain." Begins at noon. For later information call Gabe Huck at 526-7599 or the Spring Mobilization Committee at 387-6607.

PICNIC, HIKE & BIKE in Prince William Forest. Meet at Towpath Cycle Shop, 2816 Penn. Ave., N.W. at 11 a.m. Reserve with American Youth Hostels at 737-1683 by May 29.

ISRAELI FOLK DANCING. see May 23 listing. Verify because of holiday.

PSYCHODRAMA THEATRE. see May 23 listing. Verify because of holiday.

FLEA MARKET. see May 23 listing. Verify because of holiday.

WEDNESDAY - MAY 31

FILM. "The Louvere," narrated by Charles Boyer. Museum of Natural History, Constitution Ave. and 10th St., N.W., 8 p.m., free.

MEETING. Bethesda Concerned Citizens for Peace, 9712 Rutley Rd., Bethesda, MD.; every Wednesday at 8 p.m. Call 469-6004 for further information.

VIGIL FOR PEACE. see May 24 listing.

SQUARE DANCING. see May 24 listing.

THEATRE

HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING. American Light Opera Company; May 25 thru June 11; 333-8686.

THE ANDERSONVILLE TRIAL. Arena Stage; May 18 thru June 25; 638-6700.

OLD TIME MUSIC HALL, presented in the old tradition by the British Embassy Players; May 29 thru June 3; HO 2-1340.

THE LADY'S NOT FOR BURNING. Foundry Players; May 19-20, 26-27; DE 2-4010.

THE BOY FRIEND. Mt. Vernon Players; May 18-20, 25-27; DI 7-1484.

SON OF SPREAD EAGLE, an original revue; Washington Theatre Club; thru June 4; DE 2-4583. Reviewed in this issue.

THE TEMPEST. Shakespeare Society at St. Thomas Church, 18th and P, N.W. (enter on Church St.); May 12-14; 19-21; 26-28; June 2-4; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 p.m.; Sundays at 3 p.m. Call 836-4014 for information.